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Summary of the News

The Allied offensive continues, in the west steadily, on the Russian front marked by more sensational advances. By Friday of last week the British had completed the capture of Pozières and had also become masters of the whole of Longueval and of the important Delville Wood, the last named probably the scene of the hardest fighting of the month. The beginning of the week found them creeping steadily forward towards the rising ground between Pozières and Bapaume, and Sunday's bulletin announced progress on the six-mile front between Delville Wood and the Somme. In this offensive they were joined by the French north of the Somme, who reported a clean sweep of the German positions on the three and a half mile front from Hardecourt to the river.

On the eastern front the Russians seem to have met with conspicuous success. Brody fell into their hands on the morning of July 28, an inevitable result of Gen. Sakharoff's victory, which was recorded last week, and with the capture of Brody the way is opened up for a possible advance on Lemberg. Even more important is the news of Gen. Brusiloff's resumption of activity, breaking the deadlock of some weeks on the Stokhod River. In the course of a general attack along a sixty-mile front on July 28 and 29, the river was crossed in the neighborhood of Gulevitchi, and the breach has since been considerably widened. At the same time an advance was recorded southwest of Lutsk, where the enemy was said to be retreating behind the Stokhod. This presumably was in the neighborhood of Kiselin, and the advance both constitutes a threat against Vladimir-Volynski and opens up the possibility of an attack on Kovel—connected by an important railway with Vladimir-Volynski—from the south. The number of prisoners taken during Gen. Brusiloff's operations was given in Sunday's bulletin from Petrograd as nearly 33,000, including two generals. The same bulletin announced that prisoners taken in the course of Gen. Sakharoff's operations, from July 16 to July 28, numbered 40,000.

On other fronts the most important event was the occupation by the Russian Caucasian army of Erzingan, announcement of which was made on July 26. With this capture practically the whole of Armenia is in Russian hands. Successful engagements are reported by the Italians in the district of Monte Cimone. From Salonica comes the interesting news that the Servian army, reorganized and refitted, is engaged in an effort, which has apparently met with initial successes, to drive the Bulgarians from the positions they have occupied on Greek soil.

The text of the note of protest to the British Government in regard to the "blacklist," dated July 26 and signed by Acting Secretary of State Polk, was published in Monday's papers. The note is vigorous in tone, and the protest is based not so much on legal grounds as on the broad question of international morality. The publication of the note was anticipated by a memorandum presented by Sir Cecil Spring-Rice at the State Department on Saturday, in which the British Foreign Office sought to clear up certain supposed misunderstandings of the objects and manner of operation of the blacklist.

Comment will be found elsewhere on Mr. Hughes's speech accepting the Republican Presidential nomination, which was made in Carnegie Hall, New York, on Monday evening.

A decision delivered on July 29 in the United States District Court held that the British steamship Appam, which was brought by a German prize crew into Norfolk Harbor, was still the lawful property of her British owners.

The almost-forgotten case of the American ship William P. Frye was revived in dispatches from Washington of July 27, which announced that conferences on the case had taken place between Mr. Polk and the German Embassy. It was considered probable that further negotiations would be conducted by Ambassador Gerard with the British Foreign Office.

A final decree disposing of suits brought in connection with the loss of the White Star liner Titanic was signed by Justice Mayer sitting in the Admiralty Branch of the Federal District Court on July 28. The amount paid by the owners was $665,000.

A devastating explosion occurred early on Sunday morning at the National Storage Company's plant on Black Tom Island, Jersey City. The immediate cause appears to have been a fire that started on one of several barges loaded with high explosives and moored, contrary to regulations, at a pier. The total amount of damage done has been estimated at $20,000,000.

The strike of the employees in the cloak and suit industry in New York still continues. It was thought to have been settled early last week by compromise between representatives of the manufacturers and of the workers, but on the terms of agreement being presented to the union in mass meeting the arrangement entered into by the leaders was repudiated and the strike was ordered to proceed.

The reply of the United States to the note of the de-facto Government of Mexico was published on July 28. Mr. Polk's note accepts the Mexican proposal for the appointment of a joint commission to adjust outstanding questions between the two Governments, but suggests further that "the powers of the proposed commission should be enlarged so that . . . the commission may also consider such other matters the friendly arrangement of which would tend to improve the relations of the two countries." The matter of the recall of United States troops from Mexican territory is one of the points which will be arranged by the commission, and in this connection it may be noted that official Washington appears to be completely ignorant of any intention, such as was asserted recently by Major.-Gen. O'Ryan, to keep the National Guard on the border until after Christmas. Dispatches from Mexico under Sunday's date reported that Gen. Carranza would shortly retire as First Chief of the de-facto Government and would enter the field as a Presidential candidate at the forthcoming general elections. The report is regarded in Washington as probably accurate.

Relief for Poland seems as far off as ever. Details of fresh proposals by the British Government were published on July 28, according to which relief would be permitted into Poland if the German and Austro-Hungarian Governments pledged themselves to reserve to the civil populations of occupied territory the entire produce of the soil, as well as live stock and stocks of food, fodder, and fertilizer, and would also permit the distribution of food to the entire population to be controlled by neutrals selected by the President. The German Government contemptuously declines to consider these terms, and there seems to be some fear that even the relief work in Belgium and northern France in which Mr. Hoover's committee has been engaged may be put in jeopardy.

Monday's debate on the Irish situation in the House of Commons left little room for hope of any present settlement. Mr. Asquith, conciliatory in tone, but announcing the appointment of a new Secretary for Ireland in the person of H. E. Duke, implied that for the present the Castle Government, which he himself described a few weeks ago as having completely broken down, was to continue. Mr. Redmond, while reiterating his unshaken convictions in regard to the war, retorted by frankly placing his party in opposition to the Coalition Government.

That frightfulness as a doctrine of government still appeals to the Prussian mind has been amply evidenced by the news of the past two weeks. We alluded last week to the wholesale deportation of inhabitants of towns in Belgium and northern France. Immediately afterwards came the news of the imposition on Brussels of a fine of $5,000,000, for some trifling exhibition of their feelings by a section of the population on the occasion of their national fête day—the German governors, in imposing it, emphasizing their astonishment at their own moderation. As a climax came the wireless dispatch of July 28 reporting the execution of Charles Fryatt, master of the British steamship Brussels, recently captured by German destroyers. Capt. Fryatt's crime was that more than a year ago he had successfully resisted capture by a German submarine. It will be interesting to see whether the captain of the armed British merchantman Eskimo, which, in dispatches from Berlin of last Saturday, was reported captured off Skagerrak, after putting up a fight with a German warship, will also be shot as a *franc-tireur*.

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The Week

It is difficult to define, and perhaps to justify, the feeling of disappointment with the long-awaited speech of Mr. Hughes. There was no want of vigor in it. It was notably free from claptrap. There was no straining to make a verbal point. And the detailed attack upon the Wilson Administration was made with great energy, and will undoubtedly appear to the Republican party to be overwhelming and unanswerable. The speech will make an effective campaign document. It will meet with wide echoes of approval. And yet, when the discriminating and independent-minded reader lays it down, the question will irresistibly press upon him, "What is lacking?" We think the answer will be that, while Mr. Hughes has taken the offensive powerfully, he has not clearly indicated the positive policies which he himself would pursue. No fair critic can find fault with Mr. Hughes for making his speech mainly destructive. To this he was compelled by the political situation. He is the leader of a party out of power. As such, he was bound to attempt to show that the party in power was not fit for it, and should be driven from office. It was, then, both natural and necessary that he should take the offensive with all his might. No one objects to that. But we may rightly demand that the assailant who arraigns an opponent for ambiguous words should make his own perfectly clear-cut; that a leader who tears a Democratic policy to tatters should exhibit the entire robe of Republican counter-policy. This Mr. Hughes did not do.

His most ardent and persistent assault upon President Wilson was for his Mexican policy. The indictment of it which Mr. Hughes framed was severe, and it would be a bold man who should deny that in large part it was warranted. But when the long array of mistakes and inconsistencies and failures is ended, we look for the alternative, and fail to find it. In all that Mr. Hughes says about the need of efficiency in every part of the Government, we heartily concur. When he charges Mr. Wilson with having done nothing for civil-service reform, and with allowing its principles to be trampled upon in the creation of new offices; when he points to the scandal of throwing out of the diplomatic service men who had won their place in it by merit and promotion, we say: "Lay on! More power to your elbow." But this is not to ignore the fact that Republican Administrations also have been vulnerable in this spot. As for the question of the Hyphen, Mr. Hughes was so vague that the *Tribune* despairs of him. It had been freely predicted that he would utter so trenchant and decisive a word on German-American intrigues in our politics that the issue would be disposed of; but he treated the subject gingerly and only by inference. One would have thought that it would be easy for Charles E. Hughes to say: "I am a candidate for the Presidency, and, of course, I want all the votes I can get. But nobody ought to vote for me under a misapprehension; and if any German-American believes that I would not have been even more resolute than President Wilson in arraigning the German Government for its crimes against American citizens, he does not know the kind of American I am."

The sole warrant of law under which Germany attempts to justify the killing of Capt. Fryatt, is what is, in effect, only a German "municipal" law. A naval regulation, issued just before the war, laid it down that the commanding officer of any vessel of commerce that sought to ram and sink a submarine should be regarded as a *franc-tireur*, to be shot on sight. But Germany cannot make law for other countries in this off-hand way. There are general provisions of international law, there are agreements among the nations made at The Hague, which cannot be incontinently set aside by the legislation, or the military orders, of a single Power. Germany's law may be a sufficient defence for the court-martial that condemned and executed Capt. Fryatt, but the question is whether it is a good defence in the eyes of the civilized world. The answer can scarcely be doubted. We know what *franc-tireurs* are on land; we know what pirates are at sea. But to mix up their legal status; to affirm that a merchant captain who resists submarine attack in the only way open to him—running the risk, of course, of losing his ship and being killed in the act—is to be regarded, when caught months afterwards, as *hors de la loi*, is a monstrous thing legally. Morally, it is an affront to the humane sentiment of civilized peoples which Germany ought just now to be peculiarly scrupulous in avoiding. Even if her legal right were clear, her authorities should have considered the unhappy results of its exercise. One of these results will be to revive the queries what the German Government has done to punish the captain of the submarine that sank the Sussex. His act was contrary both to international law and German naval orders. He sent innocent passengers—women and children—to their death. Capt. Fryatt merely compelled an attacking submarine to submerge. Yet he is shot as a *franc-tireur!* What has been done to the other?

An attempt to do away with rights under international law by what is actually local legislation, is really the ground of complaint by the note of our State Department to the British Government. The blacklist of American business houses was issued under authority of the British Defence of the Realm act. That is all very well, as it affects British subjects. They may be forbidden to trade with these houses, if the British Government so wills. But if, in the inevitable consequences and repercussions of this blow at enemy trading, existing contractual rights of Americans are threatened or impaired, and their legitimate commerce interfered with, it is quite another matter. Happily, the British Government has already seen the point. Through its Ambassador in Washington it has given assurances that its ill-considered blacklisting will not, in practice, be so extended as to clash with the admitted rights of Americans. The case will bear vigilant watching by our Government; and, if occasion arises, it will doubtless affirm once more the position that the United States "cannot consent" to see the established rules of international law "altered or extended at the will of a single Power, or group of Powers, to the injury of its own citizens, or in derogation of its own rights." That is the sum and conclusion of the whole matter.

In all the President has said of the potential benefits of the new Federal farm-loan system, he has realized that it will be made or marred by the governing board. The four appointments he sent to the Senate last week seem admirable. Three of the men were reared on farms, and are still closely interested in farm problems. But the chief qualification of each is expertness in one or more of the economic and financial problems that the Farm Loan Board will have to meet. Herbert Quick, of West Virginia, who is expected to become head, was chosen because he had made an extended study of rural credits in the larger aspects. Judge Charles E. Lobdell, of Kansas, combines legal knowledge with experience gained as president of a chain of banks engaged in making loans to farmers. George W. Norris, of Philadelphia, has had long experience in the bond market, and the success of the system will depend much on the placing of its bonds. William A. Smith,

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of Iowa, is an expert on farm practice in the Agricultural Department, and has also had experience in directing a bank which makes loans to farmers. These men have all been interested for years in rural credits.

Concerning the needlessness of the huge explosion that took place at Jersey City on Sunday morning, costing several lives and perhaps $20,000,000 in loss of property, there is no question. Gross negligence and gross disregard of the law were primarily responsible. Whether the fire started in a freight car on the pier at Black Tom Island or upon a barge near by is immaterial. The explosion was so terrible because a whole line of barges—four, it is said—loaded with explosives and projectiles, were packed closely together at the end of the pier. By the regulations of the Interstate Commerce Commission, freight cars carrying explosives into Jersey City are to be unloaded at once into waiting boats, and these boats towed at a safe distance from each other to Gravesend Bay, where they may have their freight finally transferred to ocean-going vessels. For the fact that the loaded cars were standing idly on the track, and that the barges had not been removed from their near vicinity, officials of the lighterage company, or the Lehigh Valley Railroad, or of the storage company, or perhaps of all, were to blame. The prompt arrests were quite proper. A large part of the city and surrounding district awoke Sunday morning to find itself more frightened than hurt; but that there were not more casualties is due to the fact that the explosion occurred when the streets of Jersey City, lower Manhattan, and Brooklyn were deserted.

Attorney-General Woodbury holds that citizens of New York State who may still be doing soldier-work at the border when election time comes round will be entitled to vote just as if they were at home. His opinion "proceeds on the fundamental principle that the right of the elector to exercise his privilege of voting is one of the highest rights of citizenship, and this right must be preserved, unless insurmountable obstacles are found to stand in the way." At first blush, it would seem that such an insurmountable obstacle existed in Article II of the State Constitution, which declares that the citizen shall be entitled to vote in his own election district, "and not elsewhere," provided that, "in time of war," absent soldiers and sailors shall not be deprived of their vote. It looks as if the courts would have to do some pretty tall construing to classify the present activity on the border as "war." The Attorney-General, however, has looked up precedents, and says that there are plenty to be found, notably in the case of Indian uprisings. However that may be, it is to be hoped that President Wilson will be able to cut the Gordian knot by ordering the troops home before registration day.

Subsidence of the turbulent mood of the striking garment workers who last week rejected the agreement made by their leaders leaves the central reason for this rejection clear. They wish to have inserted in any agreement provision for a reviewing board to settle any differences that might arise between employer and manufacturer. Otherwise, they say, they will be forced to resort to a strike every time there is a disagreement. Every one must sympathize with this desire, which offers strong argument for the appeal made by the Citizens' Committee for renewal of the protocol for a limited time, during which a thorough investigation of the industry should be undertaken with a view to giving it greater stability. It is evident that the union will never trust the manufacturers sufficiently to feel content under a treaty which does not offer an impartial mechanism for executing its provisions. On the other hand, this attitude of the union does not leave in any better light its recent conduct. The manufacturers in their statement on the matter make out a strong case against an organization which, as they say, authorized its representatives to draw up an agreement which every one expected would result in at least temporary peace, and then trampled upon it in a rage. The workers ought to feel it incumbent upon them to reopen negotiations upon the basis of the agreement just torn up, and, while attempting to incorporate into it this new demand for an impartial tribunal, to make every effort to meet the manufacturers' point of view.

Treasury publication of the record-breaking figures of our foreign trade will again put the Republicans to their trumps to find new deprecatory adjectives for the great American prosperity now existing. They have called it "abnormal" and "unwholesome," and Mr. Hughes has spoken of it as "temporary." But it naturally remained for a scholar in politics to devise the true phrase. President Butler, speaking in San Francisco a week ago, accurately diagnosed the matter as follows: "Let no one be deceived. This seeming prosperity is only the unhealthy and unnatural heat and vigor of a patient suffering from fever." The good doctor did not prescribe for the patient, but we suppose he would advise large doses of protection quinine, plentiful use of tariff anti-pyrine, and application of Republican ice-bags. He apparently overlooked the fact that an accompaniment of high fever is delirium. That is what is worrying the Republican physicians. The patient may be so crazy that he won't believe a word of what they say; and may even elude his Republican nurses and rush out to vote for Wilson.

Difficulties in State regulation of wages appear in the report of the board established by the Massachusetts Minimum Wage Commission to investigate the women's clothing industry. The board prepares a very modest "budget," which comes to $8.98 weekly. This is about what other investigators have estimated as the living wage for women workers in Massachusetts. The reports from the operators "did not indicate that the additional labor cost brought about by the establishing of the contemplated minimum wage would seriously handicap the industry in competition with other States." However, to be on the safe side, the board pared it down to $8.75. But the employee must expect from ten to thirty weeks of unemployment annually, and it is impossible to adopt a minimum wage based upon the return from the working week and the expenditures during that week. The board concludes that the fluctuating employment in the clothing industry merits study with an eye to State remedies; but an industry based on fashion must always be unstable.

When we say that the facts about the broken Irish agreement, brought out in the House of Commons, are highly discreditable to the Government, we are saying only what the English newspapers of both parties indignantly assert. Tory organs vie with Liberal in denouncing the shabby treatment of Redmond, and in deploring the muddle into which this Ministry of All the Talents has brought the whole question of Ireland. Mr. Redmond's charge was unanswerable. Indeed, it was admitted by Lloyd George to be substantially true. By great efforts, and in direct response to appeals from the Government, the Irish leader had succeeded in inducing the Nationalists to agree to a temporary Home Rule bill. And then, without his knowledge, and behind his back, the measure was altered in two essential points by the Cabinet. Mr. Asquith insisted that it was always understood that the Cabinet

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would have the last word, but Mr. Redmond had not so understood it. He spoke with the justified air of a man betrayed. Of course, the Prime Minister, as the head of a Coalition Government, has the whip hand for the present. He can give or refuse as he pleases, and can make threats of a general election which might go badly for Redmond. But the accusation to his face that he has been guilty of bad faith will do him infinite harm. Nothing could be imagined more unsatisfactory than the present state of affairs in Ireland, which apparently is to continue indefinitely—martial law which, the Premier hopefully explains, is not really martial law.

The "stone wall" of Anglo-German disagreement over Polish relief, of which President Wilson spoke, is left as solid as ever by the statement of the German Foreign Office on Saturday. England's refusal to let food pass unless the Central Empires consent "to give to the Poles, as Poles, the produce of the soil of their own country" (the rule agreed to as to Belgium) is hailed as nothing less than an attempt to include the territories conquered by the Central Empires "in the system for the starvation of Germany which has been proclaimed by the British Government, contrary to all international law." The *Kölnische Zeitung* supplies the necessary gloss. It was the Germans and their allies, it declares, who saw that these lands produced good harvests. "The inhabitants of the occupied territories have to cut their coat with us according to their cloth. We don't think of fattening them if we ourselves have to tighten our belts." In other words, Britain insists that the Poles shall be given full rations out of the food raised in Poland, Germany that the Polish ration shall not be a gram more than that of the Germans. Meanwhile, it must be remembered that we can still help Poland by the dispatch of money through Switzerland; while a résumé of our gifts in the *Times* reminds us that they amount to far less per capita than Australasia's.

Professor Planck, of the University of Berlin, is taking a calmer view of the war than in its earlier days. He wrote a letter to a professor in the University of Leyden, in which he confessed that the famous "Appeal to the Civilized World," signed by ninety-three German savants and artists in August, 1914, "reflected the excitement of the first weeks of the war." The letter was printed in the *Indépendance Belge*, now published in London. Professor Planck states that, so far as he and his colleagues, Harnack, Nernst, Wilamowitz-Möllendorff, and Waldeyer, were concerned, it was mainly an emotional declaration that the intellectual leaders of Germany refused to separate their cause from the German army, which is nothing but the German nation in arms. "It is clear that we cannot be held responsible for the individual acts of all the Germans, either in war or peace." Evident also is "the impossibility of estimating accurately and finally the grave historical problem in which we are implicated to-day." This is obviously not an admission that the Germans were in the wrong in any way, but simply a statement that many of the vexed issues of the war cannot be settled until a dispassionate point of view is possible. While the war lasts, declares the German professor, all Germans have but one duty; but it is the obligation of those living in the higher regions of the intellectual and moral world to coöperate in "maintaining the values of international civilization."

Another German professor, however, comes pat to the front to show that the ideas with which the war began are not extinct in German universities. It is Professor von Stengel, of the chair of international law in the University of Munich, who has made a reply to a letter of inquiry from the Dutch Pacifist League which is in the fine old style. "The nations, and especially the neutral nations," he writes, "have only one means of leading a profitable existence. It is to submit to our guidance, which is superior from every point of view." And as if to make his attitude as offensive as possible, Professor von Stengel adds:

> The whole course of the war up to the present has shown that we Germans have been chosen by Providence from among all the other peoples to march at the head of all civilized nations and lead them under our protection toward assured peace. For we not only have the power and force necessary for this mission, but we also possess all the spiritual gifts to the highest degree, and in all creation it is we who constitute the crown of civilization.

The absurd self-complacency of this beats the most ridiculous American highfalutin out of sight. If the mass of the German people really believed such stuff, there would be nothing for the Allies to do but to go on with the war until the nonsense was shelled out of German heads.

Reports from two sources in the New York papers speak of the large harvests the Germans are reaping behind the trenches in northern France, Karl von Wiegand even declaring that the crops will be sufficient to feed the army of occupation. These dispatches are to be read along with others from Austria stating that the Dual Monarchy is looking forward to a considerable supply from Servia and Poland, where the cultivation of the land was the first care of the new authorities. The Teutonic Powers wish to impress the world with their enlarged resources. But such scraps of information as can be pieced together concerning the agricultural situation are not particularly hopeful for these countries. It was stated a few days ago that 600,000 Russian prisoners were being employed in the Hungarian harvest, now in full swing, many being lent from Germany to be returned as the harvest line moved north. Upon Hungarian wheat the two Empires depend greatly. From the Budapest correspondent of a Boston paper now comes a letter describing the quality of the harvest as very poor, due to the unprecedented rains, and admitting that even prisoners will not solve the labor problem. Ordinarily, 6,000,000 people are engaged in the Hungarian harvest, and now the whole number cannot exceed two millions. Men have been called out up to fifty-five years, and the Allied offensive prevents the release of farm workers from the ranks, as was possible during the comparative quiet of last July.

The negro race has itself produced physicians and surgeons, but its opportunities in this direction have been few. It is therefore an indictment against the white medical practitioner that E. A. Hooton, of the Peabody Museum at Harvard, makes in the *Medical Review of Reviews* when he asserts that we know little or nothing of the anatomy, physiology, or pathology of the American negro; that there has been no attempt to ascertain whether the negro's removal from a tropical to a temperate climate has resulted in adaptations; and that a number of questions of interest to the specialist in tropical medicine, the dermatologist, and the physical anthropologist are wholly unsolved. In an editorial the *Review* commends this paper, and attacks the narrow attitude of publications like the *Southern Medical Journal*, as of the physicians at Southern medical conferences who have paid their chief attention to the negro in describing his "degeneracy." But the Northern scientist as well as the Southern is at fault. The opportunities for study are at hand for each, and greater use should have been made of them. British medical investigators have a better record in the study of the black man.

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TWO YEARS.

The third year of the great war is advancing upon the world over heaps of predictions unfulfilled and wisdom proved folly. Experts of 1914—financial, military, political—are left in 1916 confronting their own forecasts dashed to the earth. What has been we know, but what the future holds in store we can but guess. Any review of the two terrible years past must be sobering. It is no time for confident prophecies. The most that one can do with profit is to recall the general attitude and beliefs of the beginning of August, 1914, and compare them with those that prevail now.

Some things have changed. Among them is the view of war. Its glitter and pomp have been stripped from it before the eyes of all mankind. The worst that poets and prophets of righteousness have said of it has been outstripped in actual horror. Shelley's impassioned outcries against war are too feeble to express the universal execration which has been poured out upon this gigantic conflict in Europe. Apologists for war still linger, but the former praisers of war now hide their heads. They never meant this kind of terror. Imagine even Gen. Bernhardi venturing now to write: "War is as divine and necessary as eating and drinking." And men of a higher type, like the late Admiral Mahan, who used to speak of war as something repulsive, to be sure, but yet a needful instrument in the Providential government of the world, would not to-day have the hardihood to maintain that doctrine openly. Good may be wrung out of evil, we admit; the wrath of man may be made to praise the Eternal; but the evil itself cannot be challenged. War is the scourge of the human race. If there was any doubt of this before, the two years just past have forever destroyed it.

There have been changes, too, wrought on the technical military side by the two years of actual war. To these we can but barely allude. The amazing development of trench warfare was not foreseen. It obviously alters the whole problem of national defence. Nor did even the Germans understand in advance the rôle which artillery and high explosives would play. These things are now commonplaces. But one matter having to do with the physical aspects of war will bear reëmphasis. It stands out more clearly to-day than ever before. We mean the fact that the most elaborate, the most far-sighted, the most patiently and scientifically studied system of "preparedness" that the world ever saw turned out a dismal failure. It did not prevent war; when war came it was a broken reed. Nowhere has war ever been made the preoccupation of so many of the best minds of a country as in Germany. The Great General Staff knew everything that could be known about war, and utilized thousands of the finest brains and years of tireless energy for the purpose of making sure that nothing should escape it. And yet, with all the wonderful display in arms which the Germans have made, what is the story of the past two years but one long record of German plans miscarried and German hopes shrivelled in the blast of war? It is plain now that those hard-headed "realists" of war were capable of enormous miscalculations, and in many ways acted like dreamers. In particular did they make one fatal omission in their reckonings. They catalogued all the information to be had from all lands. They had pigeon-holes for knowledge of all kinds. But they forgot the soul of man.

This suggests the one thing that has been permanent in all the flux of the two years behind us. The moral judgments of the world have stood firm. Nothing which has since happened has altered them. The conscience of mankind responds to-day as instantly and sensitively as it did in those first days of August, 1914, to the challenge made to it by those who took the first steps in the war, and especially by the deliberate outrage inflicted upon Belgium. Under the reproach of that shameless deed, Germany continues to suffer, and will to the end of the war, no matter how long it lasts. Even if she were victorious, she would blench and turn away her face at the whisper of the word "Belgium." And as for that other crime of hers which incarnadined the multitudinous seas—the sinking of the Lusitania—there has been not the slightest abatement, in the lapse of time, either of the horror with which civilized men look upon the deed, or of the sternness of the condemnation which they visit upon the heads of those responsible for it. In this casting of the moral suffrage against Germany there lies the one element of the world-war in which there has been no shadow of turning. "Securus judicat orbis terrarum."

It is, in fact, the knitting together of the moral alliance against German militarism which is the great feature of the close of the second year of the war. The resources and the men were always there, to make head against the German armies, but they could have been got together and utilized only by nations having a great issue and a great moral unity. And these Germany, as if led by an evil genius, has herself furnished to her enemies. Against another, they might have been divided. With another, they might have made a separate peace. But when they were clearly shown what they had to fight, they were thrown back upon those springs of moral action and those heroisms of the soul which your material-minded militarist can neither understand nor conquer. This is what really makes the Allies invincible. They have now wrested the initiative from the German strategists. Their military prospects seem of the fairest, as they now close in upon the German forces from all sides. But as to this we make no predictions. All that we would point out is that an invisible ally has all along fought against Germany, and still presses her back. This is the adverse moral judgment of impartial men.

BUYING MORE ISLANDS.

News that the United States Government has signed a treaty with Denmark for the purchase of St. Thomas and the other Danish possessions in the West Indies, bursts upon the country unforeshadowed. The matter had been discussed neither in Congress nor in the press. Nobody outside of Washington apparently had an inkling of what was in the wind. Suddenly we have the announcement of an accomplished fact, so far as the two Governments are concerned. The treaty has yet to be submitted to the Danish Parliament and to the Senate of the United States. A similar treaty was in 1902 rejected by the Parliament of Denmark. Seward's treaty of 1867 was rejected by our Senate—partly moved by the tremendous earthquake and tidal wave which at that time nearly wrecked St. Thomas. We are now proposing to pay $25,000,000 for the islands which Seward could have got for $7,500,000. But as St. Thomas, in respect of trade and shipping, is worse off now than fifty years ago, it is natural that the price should be three times as high!

For this negotiation President Wilson may set up the defence that it is in continuation of a clear policy of the United States. We have repeatedly sought to buy the Danish West Indies, so why not try again? An added argument might be that it would be a clever stroke for this Democratic Administration to "dish" the Republicans, and steal the clothes of the Imperialists while they were in bathing. Hughes will not venture to attack Wilson for having acquired St. Thomas. How could he? The reasons for

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the purchase are all reasons which the Republican party has consistently urged.

There are, in the first place, the arguments of transcendental naval strategy. Admirals and amateurs will alike reach for the map and begin to draw you lines from St. Thomas to Panama and New Orleans and Charleston. New York will also be favored as the terminus of a hostile naval attack from a base at St. Thomas; and, if the votes of any New England Senators are in doubt, Boston and Portland will in like manner be "threatened." Next, St. Thomas is too valuable a coaling station to allow any nation but our own to possess. It has a splendid harbor—splendid, that is, as a place on which to spend many millions in improving and fortifying. Moreover, the Monroe Doctrine cannot be sure of a good night's rest until the Danish Islands become our own. Finally, we must buy St. Thomas to prevent Germany from buying it—or, if not Germany, France, who already "commands" our coasts from Martinique, or Great Britain, that once owned St. Thomas and has our ports at her mercy from a hundred points. All these are well-established Republican contentions, and if President Wilson adopts them he will at least shut the mouths of his political opponents.

A few slight difficulties would, however, still confront him. He would need to put a new interpretation upon his Mobile speech, in which he denied that the United States was land-hungry, and declared that this country would never take another foot of territory by conquest. Purchase is, to be sure, not conquest. But that only raises other questions. One of the fundamentals which the President has laid down for the guidance of Europe after the war is that no people, however small in number, shall be denied the right to decide under what Government they shall live. This would require a plébiscite among the inhabitants of St. Thomas, who are mostly negroes. Would they be permitted freely to vote on the question of annexation? Before they voted, would they be informed of the way in which men of their color are treated in the United States? Then there would be troublesome questions of trade and tariffs. We annexed Porto Rico under a President, McKinley, who said that it was our "plain duty" to admit Porto Rican products free of tariff taxes; but the Republican party, it will be remembered, found that duty so very plain as to be repulsive, and shrank from it. Would the inhabitants of the Danish West Indies fare any better at our hands?

We have not yet at hand the full details of the proposed treaty. It will demand consideration on its merits. But it is safe to say in advance that Uncle Sam has not been so conspicuous a success in governing the islands he has already bought as to make his buying of more full of good augury. We have been like Sancho Panza in dreaming that we could rule over distant islands much better than over the home country, but our disillusionment has been as sorrowful as his.

THE DEMOCRATIC SITUATION IN NEW YORK.

Do the Democrats of New York desire Judge Samuel Seabury as their candidate for Governor? asks the New York *World*. If so, it would have them step to the front and say so. Whether the Democratic masses obey this command to come forward and express their opinions, or not, it is undeniable that on the surface of things there is a marked drift towards this member of the Court of Appeals, whose nomination would at least estop Democrats from making much of the circumstances of Justice Hughes's resignation from the bench. True, there are persistent rumors that Tammany does not want the Judge's nomination, because he is far too radical to suit Mr. Murphy's Wall Street and corporation backers. But, perhaps because nobody else is so plainly in a receptive frame of mind, Judge Seabury is being talked of so much as quite to justify the *World's* note of alarm—if such it is.

Despite the fact that this is a Presidential year, there is much that ought to make the Governorship prize attractive to Democrats. The Republicans are committed to the nomination of a candidate whose record is vulnerable at many points. Gov. Whitman has disappointed many of his friends and admirers, has given the impression of being weak and vacillating, and by his espousal of conscription has offered an effective opening to so good a fighter as Samuel Seabury. Even if this issue were not at hand, there is plenty of material available for Democratic drives against Whitman of sufficient force to make him sigh for bomb-proofs and steel helmets. His unfulfilled promises, like those in regard to his budget plan, offer tempting targets, and the professional politicians of his party are by no means going to be enthusiastic about him. Plainly, if the Democrats should put up a high-class candidate, free from any taint of Tammany Hall, and ready to carry on an aggressive fight against the Governor, a great deal could be accomplished. More and more men are voting independently in New York State; as long ago as 1908 there were 130,000 men who voted for Taft who would not vote for Mr. Hughes.

Is Judge Seabury such a man? Well, his supporters never cease dwelling upon the fact that in his race for the Court of Appeals in 1914 he ran 234,000 votes ahead of the ticket headed by Gov. Glynn. He has many friends. Being a Single-Taxer, the followers of Henry George are for him. Being a warm friend of Edward McCall's, and of Murphy himself, in a golfing way, Tammany looks upon him personally with some favor. For a considerable time he was one of Hearst's warmest admirers and supporters. But the Independence League and the Democracy are not the only parties which this judge in politics has advocated. He was a founder of the Municipal Ownership League, believing that the city should own and operate its transportational lines. In 1904 he bolted the nomination of Parker and voted for Watson, the Populist, thus clearly establishing his claim to real political independence. For a time he was affiliated with the Municipal Democracy, and in 1913 and 1914 he was a candidate for office on the Progressive ticket, making in 1913 a violent attack upon the Court of Appeals, in which he now sits. He has been a candidate for some office in nearly every election since 1897, when he was defeated for the Assembly on the Tammany ticket. He has frequently been counsel for labor unions, with whom he stands exceptionally well. Plainly, he has elements of political strength not to be underestimated.

None the less, there are many who believe that other Democrats, with a less radical record, notably Mr. George McAneny, the adoption of whose plan for the limitation of buildings constitutes a new monument to his official achievements, would make a more powerful appeal in some quarters. For here is a man with a proved administrative record, who has stood aloof from all party entanglements of State or nation, while giving his admirable service to the city. Not often is it possible to find so well-trained a public servant with such broad constructive vision. Whether he would serve or not, no one apparently knows. But the fact remains that the Democracy needs to put its best foot forward if it hopes for a State success in the autumn. Sulzer and Dix are not forgotten, nor the defeat of Glynn. If the party is to make an earnest bid for the Government of New York, it can do so only by

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convincing the voters that it has once more turned over a new leaf. No ticket with a Tammany brand on it can hope to accomplish this, despite Gov. Whitman's record and his weakness as a campaigner.

The Democratic party is, moreover, far from happy within its own ranks. The policy of the Washington Administration towards the New York situation has been fatuous in the extreme, the measure of this being the belief of Postmaster-General Burleson that the loyal support of Tammany Hall could be purchased by the New York Postmastership. The various factions and groups have all been alienated; Tammany Hall itself is anything but enthusiastic. The independent Democrats have been so disgusted by President Wilson's surrender to Tammany that we have a perfect illustration of the folly of such compromising and short-sighted expediency. All the brave words about a new anti-Tammany Democracy, headed by Mr. Polk and Mr. Malone, have vanished into thin air, while Mr. Mitchel and his associates in the city government have been openly slighted. In addition, the leading candidate for the Senatorship is a man certain to offend bench and bar. Seemingly, the Democrats have been acting as if they were inspired by the desire to make possible the reëlection of Gov. Whitman.

MOVING AGAINST LYNCHING.

In the current *Crisis* Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois prints an extremely effective parallel to Mr. Wilson's ultimatum to Carranza, applying the same language in a letter to the Governor of Georgia which "was not written to Georgia by Woodrow Wilson." Whereas Mr. Wilson wrote to Carranza that "for three years the Mexican Republic has been torn with lawlessness; the lives of American and other aliens have been sacrificed: vast properties . . . have been destroyed or rendered non-productive," the letter that Mr. Wilson might have written to Georgia reads:

> For three years *the State of Georgia* has been torn with *lawlessness*. The lives of Americans and also aliens have been sacrificed. *Fifty-six persons have been lynched, property has been destroyed, and homes violated. Peaceful citizens have been systematically driven from their homes and occupations.*

In his notice to Carranza the President wrote:

> . . . If the Mexican Government is unwilling or unable to give its protection by preventing its territory from being the rendezvous and refuge of murderers and plunderers, that does not relieve this Government from its duty to take all the steps necessary to safeguard American citizens on American soil. The United States Government cannot and will not allow bands of lawless men to establish themselves upon its borders with liberty to invade and plunder American territory with impunity.

By the simple process of changing the word Mexican to "of Georgia" and "upon its borders" to "within its borders," the cap fits Georgia precisely.

More than that, as in Mexico, the outrages in Georgia are continuous. Thirteen American citizens have been done to death in Georgia without legal procedure since the beginning of the year, and there is no evidence that these cruelties of the Middle Ages will soon cease, despite the rising tide of public sentiment against them. Every candidate for Governor has had to come out against lynching, and the leading newspapers of the State are discussing it with courage and force. None the less, the bill to give the Governor the power to try and to remove any Sheriff for cause—a cause being the loss of a prisoner to a mob—was killed in committee; and the Governor, in his recent message to the Legislature, failed to rise to his opportunity. He palliates lynchings by explaining that a lynching is really a "genuine battle," and by bombastically saying that "human life, property rights, regards of self—all of these are lost sight of in the presence of the awful purpose which burns and boils and roars in the cauldron of the soul of the conspirators." After this eloquent effort he meekly suggests that the true remedy is the stamping out of the crimes that lead to friction between the races, the keeping of liquor from both whites and blacks, and a reform of the criminal procedure. Finally, he asks for "such additional legislation as may be necessary to bring about a complete cessation of the lynching evil in our land."

Of course, the Governor knows very well that the crime, or alleged crime, has little to do with the lynching. Of what use is it to exhort the negro to obedience to law when it is on record that his fellows have been lynched in a single year both for informing as to a criminal and for not informing as to a criminal; for giving evidence and for refusing to give evidence; for turning State's evidence, for jilting a girl, for violation of contract, for threatened political exposures, and in numerous cases for no crime at all? The sin of the American woman who had splinters run into her and was then slowly burned alive by white gentlemen in Mississippi was simply that the mob, having failed to capture her husband, was bound to have its fun anyway. If Carranza's or Villa's men were to do such a thing to an American, it would be considered reason for wholesale revenge.

It is not sufficient, of course, merely to pass a law giving a Governor the right to remove a Sheriff who is derelict. In Ohio, the statute has worked well; Waco, Texas, has added to the shame of its recent burning by refusing to act, although there is such a law in that State. The judge whose court was violated, the court officers, the newspaper men, practically everybody, know who the ringleaders were. If there are those who do not, we can supply them with photographs of the torturers on application to this office. The faculty of Baylor University has said not a word; in the face of a horrible crime without the slightest excuse, there is not enough manhood in Waco to cause one to rise up in defence of the law. Plainly, so long as a community is thus terrorized by mob leaders and politicians as is this one, no statutes will be of any avail. Here there is nothing to be hoped for save the slow processes of education and the gradual stiffening of the backbone of those who would protest but dare not. In every Southern community there are those who burn with indignation at these stains upon the South's name. But the South is slow to organize; reforming organizations are almost unknown compared to the numbers of them that we have in the North. Yet there are many encouraging signs, and some men and many newspapers are beginning to speak out. There was, for instance, an extraordinary letter in a recent issue of the *Nation* from L. P. Chamberlayne, a Southerner born and bred, the son of a Confederate soldier, who put an end to the argument of a Northerner in defence of lynching by saying that he had "no case whatever." But the question of the hour remains, How soon can this Southern sentiment be made dominant and controlling?

In some cases it may indubitably be helped by pressure from the North. Many will doubt this, yet it is a fact that the strong anti-lynching sentiment in Georgia to-day is in a considerable measure due to the severe criticism of the North and the loss of business because of the Frank case. Therefore, we welcome the decision of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People to devote a fund of ten thousand dollars, of which half has already been raised, to a study of the problem, to the spreading of literature, and the rousing of public sentiment, both North and South—for the North is guilty, too—against this intolerable evil. We wish that it might set

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the machinery of justice in motion in Waco or in other places against the evil-doers who now go scot free. We believe that it could raise double the amount it asks if it would but circulate with its appeal the pictures of the burning at Waco. Not to move against this crime, while denouncing Villa, would stamp this country as guilty of base hypocrisy.

ON BEING "PRACTICAL."

"What would you do if the Germans should assail New York?" This is the query usually hurled at the man who is opposed, whether on principle or not, to "preparedness." It is supposed to be the final, unanswerable word, and as such it inevitably recalls the question which the defenders of slavery universally put to the Abolitionists: "Would you have your daughter marry a nigger?" Slavery was abolished despite this crushing interrogatory; despite the repeated predictions of men high in the government of this country that no white people could exist in the South side by side with free negroes, that freedom was the unpractical dream of a lot of harebrained visionaries. But the citing of the supposititious as to our danger from war goes on unceasingly.

Now this is all part of the familiar procedure of many a reform movement—the demonstration that the new and radical way is unpractical and visionary. Such comparatively mild reformers as Single-Taxers are always accused of being wild, long-haired cranks. Socialists, we all know, are inspired of the evil one, and anarchists should be shot on sight—less because of their proposals than because they insist on disturbing the world by being unpractical. So this is the main argument hurled at the pacifist. Bless your soul, he will not face the facts: his views are a beautiful ideal and he really means well; he is even trying to follow the teachings of the Saviour, but the trouble is that there is not anything practical about him. If we should let the world be run by such as he, we should soon come to a pretty pass. No, sir, it is the practical men who count. See how practical and businesslike Mr. Wilson is in loading up the country with a big army and navy. Meant to make war? Of course not. Only so that he may have a lot to disarm at the end of the war, a big bait with which to induce the Prime Ministers of Europe to consent to a reduction of armaments.

Now is it really only the advocates of armament for war who face facts? In an admirable letter to the *Times*, Mr. H. T. Wicher points out a few of the things that those will not face who believe that peace can only be maintained by instilling fear in other nations. Among these are the facts that the armaments of Europe have neither prevented war nor proved an insurance for peace; that no nation can make itself so strong as to avoid all risk of attack; that war is brought on by definite forces that can be controlled; that in the long run no moral cause is advanced by wholesale killing; that since anarchy among individuals has been controlled, anarchy among nations is also capable of regulation. Your militarist is, above all men, the most cocksure that there is a solution for every problem or question, that every evil can be ended save this one alone of murder by wholesale in the name of the nations. He attributes to a flag, to a fleet of battleships in a foreign harbor, the supernatural virtues usually associated with the charms of voodooism. Of this the Kaiser, with his incessant prating of the virtues and symbolism of the German flag, of Germany's mighty right arm conquering the whole world, is the clearest example. But when you say to the militarist that there is a better kind of world to be had if you only try for it, he insists that you are truly unpractical. The truth is, in nine cases out of ten, he does not really want a different world, just as the soldiers who insist that they are the last ones to desire war are usually, perhaps unconsciously, opposed to universal disarmament because it means the destruction of their profession.

Then these practical men whose ideal of the world is one in which every nation is armed to the uttermost, refuse to face the fact that their policy is wholly destructive and subversive of progress towards something better, that it makes against the expansion of peaceful industry, the utilization to the fullest extent in trade of our national resources, many of which have such definite limitations. They cannot deny that armaments absorb enormous sums in non-productive enterprises; any similar waste rouses them to the uttermost. Then they cry out in the name of our starved railways suffering for lack of capital, against anything which will draw off money from the channels which will produce proper industrial returns. But when you ask them really to take steps to deal with this international problem of armament as they would deal with the evils of international exchange, what becomes of their far-sighted practicality which makes them annex the diamond fields of South Africa or buy up copper mines in Chili or Cuba? Is it because they can only see the profits that come by the sale of English arms to Turkey or Bulgaria to be used against English soldiers, and of German cannon to Russians and Japanese?

It is this advocate of armaments who is horrified by the thought that this country may continue to be as unarmed as it has been for a century, and is so practical that he cannot even see his way clear to demand an international council to settle the whole business. Let a Socialist inveigh against capitalism, and capitalism shivers. But let a war destroy billions, and the capitalist complacently remarks that it is inevitable and that it is all for the best. Indeed, he is so very practical that he never notices that militarism is the best friend of the Socialist, that where universal military service flourishes there are the largest armies of the advocates of the doctrines of Karl Marx. And then the practical man is so absorbed in being practical that he has not got time to notice that from out of the ranks of those he dubs unpractical have come the visionaries whose inventions have revolutionized the business world, and those whose moral ideas have beyond all else advanced the cause of civilization. How wonderful it is to be practical!

Foreign Correspondence

THE LATEST RECONSTRUCTION.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, July 15.

After an anxious fortnight during which the appointed task more than once seemed hopeless, Mr. Asquith has again succeeded in reconstituting his Ministry. While by the process it has lost nothing in strength, it has gained something in symmetry. Under arrangements prevalent a fortnight ago, the Foreign Office was doubly represented in the House of Commons, leaving the House of Lords in care of a deputy. This was an extreme case, going beyond a time-honored custom whereby, whether the Government was Liberal or Conservative, the Foreign Minister sat in the House of Lords. In the division of Ministerial office between the two houses, it is obviously more convenient and in fuller accord with the interests of the State, that the Foreign Minister should be in the House of Lords. Among other advantages, including fuller leisure to attend to Imperial interests, he is free from the sometimes inconvenient activity at the question hour of honorable members below the gangway in the House of Commons, self-convinced that they know more about foreign affairs and could deal with them more effectively than the Secretary of State.

The rearrangement of the War Office, which places the Minister in the Commons and the Under-Secretary in the Lords, is, apart from personal consideration, likely to be

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more generally acceptable than the one it supersedes. It happens that as matters stood with Earl Kitchener in the Lords and the Under-Secretary in the Commons, the burden of Parliamentary representation of the War Office was almost exclusively borne on the shoulders of the Under-Secretary. As Lord Kitchener was accustomed to affirm, he was a soldier not a politician. The House of Lords had no attraction for him, was even regarded with aversion as interfering with the stupendous work, splendidly achieved, of creating the great army whose prowess is to-day proved on the banks of the Somme. On several occasions he, at the call of duty, appeared at the table and read a typewritten speech whose measure of information was strictly limited by concern not to extend information to the enemy. His task accomplished, he went off to his work at the War Office and was not seen again on the Ministerial bench till fresh importunity of demand for information necessitated the reading of another paper.

Lord Derby, an hereditary Parliamentarian, has gained practical knowledge of all that pertains to soldiering, and a personal standing firmly established by his efforts to second Lord Kitchener's recruiting scheme. He is an ideal man for the position he will hold, and has earned fresh claim on public esteem by accepting a Ministerial office whose nominal grade stands lower than that he might justly have expected to reach.

The House of Commons will be profoundly sorry to lose the companionship of Sir Edward Grey. But his well-earned right to a place of comparative leisure is cordially admitted. For the past two years his working day has far exceeded the limit of eight hours sacred to the mind of the British workman. Even before the outbreak of war kept all Cabinet Ministers in town, he was found chained to his desk in the Foreign Office, hard at work in the effort to avert the maelstrom of war which the Kaiser and his General Staff were secretly brewing in Berlin. Since the plunge was made and Europe embroiled in a campaign of carnage, Sir Edward's visits to his beloved Northumberland home have been equally rare and brief. A short time ago a threatened breakdown of health necessitated his withdrawal for a few weeks from attendance in the House of Commons, a duty which had earlier required strict curtailment. In some not influential quarters complaint was made that the Foreign Secretary was in his place only one day a week to answer questions. As a matter of fact, he was more usefully engaged at the War Office or in his room behind the Speaker's chair, at work up to a late hour, having commenced it at an early one.

Mr. Gladstone once remarked to a friend that Edward Grey was the only man he knew in the long course of his experience "who might be anything he pleased in political life and seemed to be content to be hardly anything." This remark was made just before the general election of 1892 reinstated the Liberal statesman in power. Cherishing the highest opinion of his young friend, he gave him an opening at the Foreign Office, where during the brief life of a second Home-Rule Government he served as Under-Secretary. Ten years later, on the invitation of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, he returned to the Foreign Office as its chief, and has since there remained, helping to make history throughout the greatest international turmoil the world has known. When certain diaries are published and private letters leap to light, it will be known with what reluctance and at what late hour of the formation of the Campbell-Bannerman Government Edward Grey accepted the promotion pressed upon him.

He is one of the men who, like the late Duke of Devonshire, win public esteem and confidence by the knowledge that in his relationship with public life he has no private end to serve. At the time he was approached by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman with proffer of the high prize of the Foreign Office, he did not want anything but to be left alone, supplied with good tackle, and favored by fine weather for fishing. He would rather catch a twenty-pound salmon in the Tweed than hook a fat seal of office in the neighborhood of Downing Street. But at the call of duty, he set aside personal inclination and, unknowing what the future had in store for Europe, undertook an office where in later years he has gained the good-will of civilized nations and the deadly hatred of Germany.

The succession of Mr. Lloyd George to the War Ministry has been greeted in France with an outburst of enthusiastic applause. The press recognized in the appointment fresh determination on the part of England vigorously to carry on the war to its inevitable end. As one leading Paris paper said, "The authority given to Mr. Lloyd George will be employed without weakness and without delay. All obstacles in his way will be broken down." Incidentally, the construction of the Ministry of which his new departure is the prominent feature supplies a striking example of the force of democracy. Here we have a Welsh country solicitor advanced to the position of head of the army, with a scion of one of the oldest and most powerful peerages in the United Kingdom in subordinate office under him. If twenty years ago the Earl of Derby, then Lord Stanley, one of the whips in a dominant Unionist Government that viewed the member for Carnarvon with personal dislike and patriotic suspicion, had in a nightmare dream seen a picture of himself at the War Office in the position of Under-Secretary with Mr. Lloyd George as his chief, he would for a time have been excessively careful as to the condiments of his evening meal. Happily, Lord Derby, in addition to being a man of patriotic purpose, is one of common sense, absolutely free from personal vanity. It is safe to predict that the strangely mated colleagues will get on remarkably well together, a condition of affairs that will give the last touch of charm to the situation.

ORGANIZING SENTIMENT — NATIONALITIES AND PEOPLES.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, July 8.

War is far from over, but the sentiments which war will leave behind it among the masses of the belligerent peoples are already crystallizing in definite forms. These popular sentiments will outlast the mere business disturbance of the world; they will continue when the battle grounds no longer show the ploughing and upheaval of war. And they will have to be counted with, not only in future settlement, but all through the years of men of this generation. For the safety of the nations and for their perpetuity, and that they may not recede from the high point to which the virtues of war have brought them, such sentiment needs to be organized.

It is perhaps desirable that the settlement of war should be the sole work of belligerents among themselves, and that neutrals should be called in only where neutrals are concerned—for the second phase of peace, so to speak. Neutrals have stood aloof while these sentiments of injury and justice and necessary defence, which now make up patriotism, were forming, and neutrals must not bar the way to the satisfaction of these sentiments. This is why the meeting of various international conferences for objects to be realized only after the war is worth watching. For present uses, they are superfluous when not premature.

A good example is the Congress of Nationalities, which has just been held at Lausanne in the neutral ground of Switzerland. Twenty-three nationalities are said to have been represented, and, among them, America had at least one delegate in the person of Professor Herron, of the University of Iowa. There were Belgians, whose nationality has been made a stake of war. There were Albanians and Egyptians and many more. As the Congress pursued its course, some of those who had given their names and presence observed that the discussions were taking an unexpected trend—not without preparedness.

What happened may have been partly the fault of the Allies, for they have given far less attention to that which goes on among neutrals than the never-ceasing, all-embracing German propaganda has done. Professor Reiss, who has had the courage to say what he knows about the treatment of Servians—assuredly, a nationality whose rights are to be defended—speaks frankly now:

"The Congress of Nationalities was to occupy itself particularly with peoples that are oppressed. In each of the two belligerent blocks, there are peoples suffering, but beyond dispute it is the block of the Central Empires which has the most. This they turned roundabout and used the Congress to accuse countries of the Entente of all the misdeeds of the world.

"The block of the Central Empires did not let pass the opportunity of such a Congress, whereas that of the Entente neglected it. For a neutral, the hall was a curious sight with its delegations of Egyptians, Lithuanians, Georgians, Jews, Poles, Basques, Albanians, and so on, all ready to charge on their 'oppressors.' Some of these delegations arrived at the meeting in altogether special conditions. Every one knows how difficult it is at present for natives to get out of countries invaded by the Austro-German armies. Yet here were delegations coming from such countries with the express permission of the invaders.

"Never did we see in Lausanne so many Austro-German journalists as at this conference—the Consul of Austria-Hungary was represented. . . . At the door, Egyptian delegates distributed a letter to Mr. Asquith, beside which the most violent articles of the Bohemian patriot Sychrava, who has been expelled from Switzerland, were *billets doux*.

"The Bureau of the Congress invited me to speak at the inaugural session and I prepared an answer to Chancellor Bethmann-Hollweg. I was forbidden to read it, probably because it was too wanting in official neutrality. An orator of the 'Georgian delegation' was luckier. He was able to pronounce a violent

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prosecutor's charge against the Russian Empire—during which the Egyptian delegates frisked with joy. A Pole—belonging to a delegation coming from Warsaw (and therefore coming by German authorization)—found it a bright thing to do to protest loudly against an ovation that some of the members of the Congress were making very innocently to the president as a Belgian.

"I need not say that we shall read in the journals of the Central Empires and their followers all these diatribes against Russia and England—and they will not omit saying that all this happened at Lausanne. I will add that the Greek delegates (who were Venizelists) and the Servians immediately quitted the Congress as soon as they perceived its real nature. The former addressed a letter of protestation to the Bureau of the conference."

It is clear that the Magna Charta of Nationalities will never result from such an organizing of sporadic and often spurious sentiment. Not the most bespectacled sociologist could discern national outlines in some of the professed delegations. The machinery behind such conferences is too manifest, as it has been in the Pacifist meetings of Stockholm, The Hague, Berne, Zimmerwald, and at Kienthal. In each case German voices, sometimes behind masks, either clamored vociferously, "You're another," or virtuously advocated a return to the *status quo ante bellum*. This, as Belgians have had occasion to remark, always comprises Germans dominant at Antwerp and with a voice in Belgium's foreign policy. The most "democratic" German Socialists, whose voices have thus been released, never agree that the people of Alsace-Lorraine can have anything to say about who shall govern them or the nation to which they wish to belong.

Among the Allies there have been efforts to organize both national and international sentiment officially. Such are the various Economic Conferences of Paris which, among other desiderata, demand that no future treaties shall confer on Germany the privileges of "the most favored nation." This was one of the instruments of German pacific penetration into the economic and financial life of France before Pan-Germanist impatience tried to hurry up things by war and conquest. Now, in just alarm, German chambers of commerce and business associations unite in imploring their Government to sign no peace which does not contain this clause.

One of the latest manifestations of popular sentiment organizing itself is shown by the French hotel-keepers' association, backed by the truly national Touring Club. The German as a hotel-keeper had peculiar competence. It was not for the stomachs of his guests, for with him French cooking too often evaporated in standardized food, but he was "efficient" in commercialized "organization" of ignobler modern comforts. The invasion of German waiters and *maîtres d'hôtel* was more noticeable to the travelling public in the years just before the war. Against them popular sentiment is greatly exasperated, for it is universally believed that countless spies entered France in that guise. It was certainly more dangerous than "contract labor" of foreigners in the United States. It is actively proposed that such employment of Germans in France shall be made impossible—by organization—after the war.

Without organization, it is likely that for many years popular feeling will operate in such cases. A French writer has described spectacularly the first creeping appearance of the German commercial traveller along the Paris boulevards after the other war. Naturally, he had got himself up in a French style that was "Dutchy" at any distance. We still remember the mild riot around the Paris Opéra when it first ventured to give Wagner's music—in 1891, twenty years after war was past. Before neutrals talk of restoring poor Germany to the communion of nations, which she has chosen to break so ruthlessly, it might be well to calculate the force there is in this overwhelming popular sentiment.

NEUTRAL DENMARK—THE FOOD SUPPLY AND EXPORTS TO GERMANY.

By GUSTAV BISSING.

COPENHAGEN, July 12.

The conditions which now prevail in Denmark represent so natural a development of the known antecedent circumstances that they offer but little in the way of novelty or surprise. A country which is extensively agricultural and has lived by raising considerably more than it needs of dairy produce, and whose metropolis enjoys the benefits of a great shipping industry suddenly, owing to the war, finds a largely increased demand for its foodstuffs at greatly enhanced prices as well as a much higher scale of profits in all that relates to ships. Although it must keep enough to eat within its own borders, it must also sell abroad, if it hopes to continue to buy abroad such things as coal and iron and material for clothing, besides which it has a neighbor on the south whose demands for eatables are of such a character that they may not safely be entirely denied.

Therefore the authorities have prohibited the export of a few comestibles, such as fowl and game, and have restricted the export of some others, like butter and hogs, and have awaited developments. In the case of pork, for instance, the regulations require 30 per cent. of the weekly killings to be sold in Denmark at a rate not to exceed a certain maximum, and as a result this almost indispensable meat has been kept at a figure not over 50 per cent. above pre-war conditions. But veal and beef now range at from three to four times their normal cost, and the consequent unrest thereby evoked has been such that certain measures to check the outflow of this type of dressed meat to adjacent countries are about to be adopted. Vegetables, on the other hand, do not seem to be considerably dearer than formerly, say a quarter or a third more, which are fractions hardly great enough to attract attention in these days of leaping prices.

The result is that Denmark is selling enormous quantities of its products abroad with tremendous returns and is consequently growing richer rapidly, that its farmers are paying off their mortgages and its merchants their debts, and that both are accumulating abundant profits, while labor is in demand and all seems to be going well. There are darker sides to the picture, but these, too, are of the expected type, for the element of the unexpected cannot apparently be extracted from this situation. Since coal costs three times as much as before, it must be used most sparingly whether for heating dwellings or for generating electric energy or gas for use in lighting. Nor may people have the luxury of meat other than pork, and, what seems particularly hard, they may not enjoy that staple of their home country, good butter, which has doubled in cost, and, to add to their burdens, there seems to be a present scarcity of potatoes. In consequence, those who work among the poor tell us of a great increase in the necessary expenses of this branch of the population, while also reporting, by way of compensation, increased contributions from the rich for charitable uses. But will the poor rest content to receive as a charity what they may consider should be theirs as of right, and if they seem non-clamorous now, will they remain so when democracy makes known its increased demands after the conclusion of this great conflict?

To speak of other though related things, it may be of interest to describe a matter which illustrates that even Germany can make exceptions in her regulations when it is to her interest so to do. Your correspondent is informed by a responsible official here in Denmark, whose immediate and direct business it is to know the facts, that whereas in theory and as a part of Germany's new food control all packages of provisions sent into her territory are supposed to be seized and to form thereafter a part of the common stock for subsequent pro-rata distribution among the entire population, as a practical fact small consignments of foodstuffs sent to private individuals for their own consumption generally reach the intended consignees safely. This, after all, merely increases the sum total of comestibles in the Fatherland and does not hurt the poor, who would have no more victuals if traffic of this kind were stopped. Even war and Germany cannot deprive wealth of its privilege. One particular fiction which is often adopted to facilitate the transit of the goods to their intended destination is to declare that the eatables have not been bought in the usual way, but are mere presents sent from friends abroad.

Let it be clearly understood that in speaking of the permissible export of certain foodstuffs from Denmark into Germany, we have been referring to such as are native and are produced here. Foods which are imported from abroad into Denmark and thus pass through the British embargo do so because an authoritatively constituted body or committee undertakes that they shall not thereafter get into Germany, and, as I understand it, the absolute good faith in which this committee works is not questioned. Still, they have a hard job. For instance, some time ago a certain cargo of apples, shipped from the United States, was held up in transit by the British Admiralty, whereupon our State Department cabled its agent here to see if these might not be passed. The ostensible Danish consignee thereupon made the required declaration before the constituted Danish committee that the apples were intended for Danish consumption, and they were released by the Admiralty. Shortly afterwards, however, it was discovered that the apples had reached Germany after all, so that London and not Washington had guessed correctly. The consignee was fined 50,000 kroner, but the huge profits involved tempt men whose wits are as keen as their moral sense is obtuse. When the whole story comes to be written, it will probably be found that the work of the State Department in safeguarding American commercial interests has been as much hampered by the rogues who have claimed its protection as by the British Orders in Council.

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Goncharov

By G. R. NOYES.

I.

The position of Ivan Goncharov* (1812 91) among Russian novelists is not unlike that of Trollope in English fiction. Russian critics always group him with Turgenev, Dostoevski, and Tolstoy, but always with a sort of tacit admission that he is rather a poor fourth in that great company. He was a painter of externals, narrow in his range, who won fame by presenting to his countrymen a picture of the old, inert, sleepy Russia of the years before the emancipation of the serfs in 1861. His best characters, if we except the shrewd and capable "Grandmother," are idle gentlefolk, leading a sauntering existence, supported by the labor of serfs to whom they are not cruel, but whose lives do not in the faintest degree interest them. In "The Precipice" we see a corner of Russian life, typical of that country as the old cathedral city of Barchester was of England, and as unconcerned with the public questions and class conflicts on which the fate of the nation depends. Tolstoy, familiar as Goncharov with old reposeful Russia, but transcending it as Goncharov never could, wrote with frank contempt of his fellow-craftsman:

> I remember how the writer, Goncharóv, an intelligent and well-educated man, but one of an entirely city type of mind, an æsthete, told me that after Turgénev's "Sportsman's Sketches" nothing remained to write about in the life of the common people. All was exhausted. The life of the working classes seemed to him so simple that after Turgénev's village tales there was nothing left to describe. But the life of the rich, with their love affairs and their self-discontent, seemed to him full of endless material for literature. One hero kissed his lady on the palm, the second on the elbow, and the third some other way. One pined away from laziness, and another because people did not love him. And it seemed to him that in this field there was no end of variety. ("What Is Art?" ch. ix.)

In a word, Goncharov was a local celebrity, who won fame by his portrayal of a transitory social state and a peculiar social caste rather than by his handling of poignant human problems. Until very recently only his first and least important novel, "A Common Story," was accessible in English, and this seems to have passed almost without notice. That his two main works, "Oblomov" and "The Precipice," have now appeared in an English dress, is not due to any peculiar timeliness they possess, but to an almost feverish zeal on the part of the British and American public to understand and appreciate the literature of a nation now so closely allied with England.

Yet there are limits to international enthusiasms. Mrs. Garnett gave a complete translation of the short and comparatively insignificant "Common Story." But how could a translator or a publisher hope to find readers for an unabridged version of "Oblomov," a novel of 550 pages, which has progressed to page 196 before the inert hero is pulled out of bed by his lackey, on the opening day of the action, at four in the afternoon? In the translation the book has been cut down to less than half the length of the original. "The Precipice" has suffered a similar fate; of its vast thousand-page chronicle of dozy gentlefolk only the main narrative remains. Such heroic abridgment may have been wise, but let no English student of Russian literature imagine that he has before him the real Goncharov, as he has the real Turgenev, Dostoevski, and Tolstoy!

II.

Goncharov was the son of a well-to-do merchant in the provincial town of Simbirsk, on the Volga. His childhood was spent in an easy-going environment such as he reproduced in each of his three novels. At the age of twenty-three he came to St. Petersburg, where he entered the Government service and became intimate with literary circles. He won fame by "A Common Story," published in 1847. During the next two years he formed plans for "Oblomov" and "The Precipice," which, after a long period of incubation, were printed in 1858 and 1868-69. Meanwhile their author had been constantly in the employ of the Government; among the prominent Russian authors he is the only professional bureaucrat—another chance resemblance to Trollope. In 1852 and the following years he made a trip around the world, his published account of which is one of the few classics of Russian travel literature. Aside from his three novels, it is his only long piece of literary work, for he had none of Trollope's prodigious fecundity. Goncharov's last employment, sad to relate, was in the bureau of the censorship, from 1858 to 1873. In the latter year, having earned the rank of general and a pension, he retired, and lived until 1891 a life of lazy ease, publishing only an occasional literary essay, including one dealing with his own novels.

Goncharov, unlike Turgenev, Dostoevski, or Tolstoy, had no interest in philosophy and only the smallest interest in public questions. He was an opportunist, eager that his country should move forward, full of admiration for the practical genius of the English and the Germans, while he still remained attached with his whole soul to the sleepy Russian countryside and unwilling that any abrupt changes should be made in the Russian social order. His ideal of energy was the official routine of St. Petersburg, plus an occupation with business interests such as were just beginning to develop in Russia. To the conflict of such vigor with Russian dead calm he devoted his first novel. Alexander Aduev, a sentimental young lad, his mother's pet and darling, is sent to St. Petersburg to carve out a career for himself. There he is taken in hand by a practical uncle, a bureaucrat rising in the service, who is at the same time a manufacturer. The milksop sinks to despair in the cold world, then recovers himself, adopts his uncle's philosophy of life, and at the end of the book is a prosperous man of action. The purpose of the novel is to combat Russian sentimental sloth; but its artistic excellence is in the sympathetic and kindly description of the cosey nook in which young Aduev grew up. Goncharov might with his head admire St. Petersburg's energy and hustle—how grotesque the terms will seem to a traveller from New York who has seen the city—but his heart and his art are with the comfortable, vegetative existence in which he grew up. Though he states that Aduev was converted, he cannot describe the conversion.

III.

"Oblomov" is the story of a man who began like young Aduev, but who was never converted. In this novel Goncharov has created one of the great types of Russian literature. Oblomov, as we see him lying in bed in his dressing gown at the opening of the novel, is a man of thirty-two, born to a comfortable property, and from his childhood tended by servants who have anticipated his every wish; never in his life has he put on his own socks. Of fine natural endowments, and crystal purity of heart, he has from simple, unadulterated laziness failed to do anything in the world. An energetic German-Russian friend, Stoltz, makes an effort to save him, and introduces him to the beautiful Olga Ilyinski. Oblomov, spurred on by love, gets up at reasonable hours, wears clean linen, and for a whole summer comports himself as a cultivated man of leisure is supposed to do. Returning to St. Petersburg with the approach of winter, he settles in a dingy lodging offered him by a low-class official who "sponges" on him. Terrified at the thought of the bother involved in getting married and settling down in new quarters, he begs Olga for a postponement. She gives him up in despair, and in process of time marries Stoltz. The landlady of Oblomov's lodging, an illiterate, kind-hearted person, proves to be an excellent cook. In the enjoyment of her pastry Oblomov forgets Olga, marries the woman who provides such excellent creature comforts, and a few years later dies, apparently, of fatty degeneration of the heart. Olga, living happily with her husband—who is pictured as vigorous and admirable, but who remains always a dummy, bereft of any human charm—still at times looks back with fond regret to the dove-like simplicity of Oblomov.

This novel, published on the eve of the emancipation of the serfs, made an immense sensation in Russia. The critic, Dobrolyu-

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**A Common Story.* Translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett. London: Heinemann. 1894. 3s. 6d.

Oblomov. Translated from the Russian by C. J. Hogarth. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1915. $1.50 net.

The Precipice. Translated from the Russian. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1915. $1.35 net.

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bov, proclaimed Oblomov the typical Russian of fact and fiction, the man of the old time that now must be cast off. The Russians were horrified at their own portrait. Oblomov became a national type, more truly representative, perhaps, of a national failing than any single figure in English literature. To make such a figure real and lovable, or even interesting, was a triumph of genius. For Goncharov was a genius, though he depended on the portrayal of transitory peculiarities rather than on that of human nature which is the same everywhere. Oblomov could never become a world figure such as Don Quixote, or, for that matter, such as Pushkin's Eugene Onegin, in whom Dobrolyubov had recognized traits of "Oblomovism." When one thinks of Oblomov, one recalls his dressing-gown; when one thinks of Onegin, one remembers the man and forgets the clothes.

IV.

In "The Precipice" Goncharov returned to the small Volga town that had won him fame in "A Common Story," but he drew it with a superb wealth of color that makes his earlier novel seem pale and weak. His hero is now a dilettante artist, a man who "pines away because people do not love him." Raiski is a man of thirty-five, a lover of beauty, and, as usual, a person of independent wealth. He experiments on painting, music, and literature, but will not submit himself to the drudgery necessary for attaining even half-way success in any of them. After frittering away some fifteen years, he falls in love with his beautiful kinswoman Sophia Byelovodov, but can make no impression on her aristocratic reserve. (This episode is entirely omitted in the translation.) In disgust he retires to his estate on the banks of the Volga, which is administered by his grand-aunt, or "Grandmother," with whom live her two grandnieces, Vera and Marfa. Raiski straightway becomes enamoured first of the simple-hearted Marfa and then of the reserved and independent Vera. But Vera's heart has been won by the scapegrace, Mark Volokhov, a nihilist living in the town under police supervision, who has appealed to her by his vigorous contempt for convention. For a moment she falls a victim to him, then she spurns the man who has seduced her; in the end she will marry Tushin, a sort of homespun Russian edition of Stoltz, but even more wooden and inanimate. Raiski, cooled towards Vera, tries to write a novel on her story, but can get no further than the dedication; he concludes that his genius calls him to be a sculptor, and he starts for Italy.

Raiski has been pronounced by a Russian critic the most comprehensive type of his countrymen of the "forties" of the last century. Talented and aspiring, but without any vital energy, he is an Oblomov gifted with a desire to be otherwise. He is more generalized than any of many similar figures in Turgenev, and is consequently far less interesting. Greatly superior to him in charm are the two women figures, Vera and Grandmother. Vera in her turn is not unlike Elena in Turgenev's "On the Eve." Brought up in country solitude, but unwilling to accept on faith its traditional habits and beliefs, she throws herself into the arms of the first strong-willed paltry rebel whom she meets; then recovers herself when she finds that his new gospel is weaker than Grandmother's traditional wisdom. In her portrait, however much he may lose by the inevitable comparison with Turgenev, Goncharov rises to a tone of idealism that is rare in his work. And yet Vera seems a lay figure in comparison with Grandmother Tatyana Berezhkov, who may take her place among the great old women of all fiction. She is a fine product of the old régime in Russia. She is a creature of tradition, a gentlewoman who believes in serfdom and the established order in Church and State, as she believes in God. Generous and kindly, yet without a touch of weakness, she rules as a benevolent despot over her little kingdom. Despising the revolutionist, Volokhov, she can never refuse him hospitality. Respectful to outward station, she drives from her home the chief functionary of the town when he has coarsely insulted an acquaintance. Despite her strong will, she has never won Vera's confidence; but when poor Vera most needs help she finds in Grandmother a tower of strength. In her youth Grandmother was for a single moment weak even as Vera, and now she has lived down her weakness.

V.

To conclude, the talent of Goncharov lay in his ability to use concrete, external details so as to create typical, generalized characters and a picture of one type of society. He must be allowed time to produce his effects. Tolstoy in a half-dozen pages can handle concrete detail so as to give a conception of a man or woman more vivid than what Goncharov can accomplish in a hundred. Just as little did Goncharov have Turgenev's power of giving individuality to the slightest figure by a few incisive touches of analysis. His characters tend to be manikins thought out *a priori;* only in a few cases, notably Oblomov and Grandmother, does he succeed in infusing into them the breath of life. But in one peculiar field he accomplished work that neither of his greater contemporaries can quite parallel. Tolstoy and Turgenev both knew the patriarchal life of old Russia, and both have shown their genius in describing it. But Tolstoy's country nobility have court and town connections and take part in the great world of Russian life. In Turgenev their thoughts are crossed by intellectual currents that flow from the west, through books and universities. In "The Precipice," and less perfectly in "A Common Story" and "Oblomov," we see the life of a little town on the Volga, and a patriarchal estate near by, existing in quiet isolation, scarcely touched by social or intellectual currents. This small world is dull and futile, perhaps, but full of wholesome virtues, of kindness and generosity, of gentle merriment mixed at times with tragic pathos. No hint of morbid "Slavic pessimism" disturbs its calm. That world has now passed away, but Goncharov has preserved it to modern Russia. It is well that some part of his slow panorama has now been presented to our own view.

Notes from the Capital

GEORGE WOODWARD WICKERSHAM.

The notion is widespread among a certain group of political gossips that the persistent activity of George Woodward Wickersham in keeping the name of Hughes at the top of the list of possible candidates for President will insure him a high seat in the executive council chamber if the Republicans win the coming election. There may be some ground for this expectation, but the reasons for discrediting it are too many and too cogent to be lightly dismissed.

In the first place, Wickersham is of a rather peppery temperament to work comfortably in multiple harness under a chief whose ambition obviously is to heal old wounds and restore real harmony within his party. Taft let bickerings among his subordinates pass with a chuckle as long as they did not bump directly into him; but, unless all signs fail, Hughes, if elected, will surround himself with calm men. He will wish them positive and courageous, but warranted to be non-explosive. They may not be judicial-minded, for that is apt to mean inactive; but they must be judicious, which is quite another thing; and Wickersham can hardly be counted in that class.

The same shortcoming might be held to disqualify him for an important post in the diplomatic service, though some of the most acceptable of our envoys to foreign courts would have been regarded as far from diplomatic in quality if judged by their conduct in their ordinary business at home. A man who might take some chances of rebuke for ignoring the instructions of his superiors and following his own devices in the handling of a domestic office would recognize the presence of a more serious problem when he was likely, by an imprudent act or word, to complicate the relations of two great nations, nor would he care to risk a public humiliation in the midst of foreigners. Moreover, Wickersham possesses a broader range of accomplishments, perhaps, than any Ambassador who has represented our Government in Europe for the last generation. He may not equal Andrew D. White in general erudition, John Hay in the literary elegance of his written work, or Joseph Choate in his wit and eloquence, but he is a brilliant lawyer, a fine linguist, a lover of the best literature of the older peoples and able to enjoy it in its original texts, a connoisseur in music and the allied arts, and, by way of a makeweight, has a good basic acquaintance with electric engineering and is an expert amateur telegrapher. While far from sure that I have covered the whole catalogue, I feel confident that the acquirements just cited would fit the man who has them at command to meet most of the emergencies of

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life and to find points of sympathetic contact in any circle into which fate might thrust him.

You get a fairly good idea of his disposition from looking at him. Short, but saved in dignity of effect by his stocky build; with keen eyes peering through the large and powerful lenses of his gold-mounted spectacles, an obstinate rather than aggressive lower jaw, and a quick, nervous gait and manner of speech, you would probably never pick out a man of his appearance and air for a banker, a merchant, or a manufacturer. He is too well set up for a professional scientist; but it would not be strange if he were mistaken for a surgical specialist or—pardon the far cry—for a railway king.

How a man of his type came to drift into politics would be a marvel if we did not know the share Philander Knox had in bringing him into President Taft's Cabinet. Wickersham was born in Pittsburgh, and any one who has ever enjoyed any relation to Pittsburgh is a marked object of interest to all good Pittsburghers, no matter how far from this mooring he may have strayed later in life. Politics, in the commonly accepted sense, has no charms for Wickersham. He takes a wholly impersonal view of it, as a necessary means to an end, and touches it only in the high places. As a public functionary he belongs strictly in the appointive class—the group of men whose services are sought because they know how to perform some one function particularly well, as distinguished from the elective class, who offer themselves as candidates because they aspire to do or to be certain things. As Attorney-General he understood that he had been designated to rip to pieces a class of corporations which he had spent much time and thought in putting together; and he went at his task as systematically, and pursued it as studiously, as a wrecking contractor turns an architectural monument into assorted heaps of building material. When he stepped out of his special field, he was not so happy or so successful. He gave needless offence in several quarters where a little tact would have spared friction, and his endeavor to have Dr. Wiley, the pure-food apostle, ousted from office for what, at the worst, might have been set down to overzeal, put him into the bad graces of a large part of the public and did no good to the cause for which he was supposed to be working. If he accepts another call to the Government service, he may profit by this experience, now that he is able to look back upon his Cabinet career in perspective.

TATTLER.

Correspondence

SCHOLARS AND THE WAR—NOW AND THEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the course of the desultory reading for which a retired professor may be pardoned—provided he does not obtrude its results too frequently upon a patient public—I have recently come across an occurrence which I am surprised has not been mentioned as a proof of the peculiarly demoralizing influence of the present war. It has been my lot to live during several wars. In 1870 I was in France to the time of Sedan, and two years ago I was in Switzerland at the outbreak of this war. I have no hesitation in saying that in 1870 there was absolutely no such diabolical hatred as has been displayed during the present war, a hatred that has extended even to the neutral nations.

There were "horrors" enough in 1870, but no "atrocities." Compare Zola's splendid "L'Attaque du moulin" with the literature of the diaries found on the bodies of dead soldiers in this struggle. In olden times, when gentlemen and their retainers engaged in the pastime of war, they carried into the field their notions of etiquette and fair play and sometimes allowed the other side to shoot first. They did not try to asphyxiate their foes with deadly gases or involve them in barbed-wire entanglements or blow them to pieces at a distance of twelve miles or drop bombs from the air upon their wives and children or drown them without warning on the high seas.

Well might Don Quixote exclaim (I use Robinson Smith's translation): "Happy and blest were those ages that knew not the dread fury of those devilish instruments of siege (whose inventor, I like to think, is in hell, paying the price of his diabolical creation) that have made it possible for infamous and cowardly arms to worst a puissant knight. Without his knowing how or whence and at the moment when dauntless ardour most animates his intrepid heart, along comes a random ball discharged by one that mayhap fled in terror at the flash of his infernal machine, whose shot, however, ends and stills in a second the intellectual being of one that deserved to enjoy it for years to come."

This diabolical hatred to which I have referred seems to have permeated all classes of the belligerents, and to have called forth the most amazing manifestoes even from clergymen and professors. Worse even has been the public and private persecution of those whose only crime was to advocate the extension of Christian charity to the enemy. Early in the war we saw the recipients of honors melting down their insignia in order to turn them into munitions of war to be used against those who had bestowed them. Even learned societies vied with each other in expelling honorary members who were alien enemies.

In the *Times* Literary Supplement for June 29 a notice is given that at a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries of London a resolution is to be proposed "that Honorary Fellows who are enemy aliens be suspended until further notice." In the same number of the Supplement is a letter from F. Haverfield, who says very sanely: "Our task is to win the war; will suspension or expulsion help to that? Is the step anything more than a not very dignified exhibition of rage leading simply to increased bitterness of feeling? Not long ago the Berlin scholar Professor Wilamowitz was turned out of the Paris Academy. I should like to quote his retort, delivered in a public lecture to the University of Berlin: 'The membership of the Academy was an honor to me, since it was the mark of work carried out in common. But how blind must they be who cannot see that it is an honor for me to mark on my diploma: *Ex academia Parisina honoris causa eiectus.* The Academy will get no honor out of its degree.'"

Equally sensible were the remarks of Sir Arthur Evans, the president of the society mentioned above, in his anniversary address: "We have not ceased to share a common task with those who to-day are our enemies. We cannot shirk the fact that to-morrow we shall be once more labourers in the same historic field. It is incumbent on us to do nothing which should shut the door to mutual intercourse in subjects like our own, which lie apart from the domain of human passions, in the silent avenues of the past."

Now all the above is merely the introduction to the real subject of this letter, which is to show what a different spirit prevailed in England and on the Continent during another war in which England was, in truth, fighting for her life. The event I am about to mention concerns Sir Humphrey Davy. It may be asked quite pertinently what business a retired professor of the Romance languages has with the famous chemist. My defence is that it is the fault of a distinguished American scholar who was once himself a professor of the Romance languages. When I first knew Prof. George M. Harper he was one of the best equipped and most promising Romance scholars in this country. For a time he was professor of this subject at Princeton, but later—strange things happen in American colleges—he became professor of English literature and the author of a very noble work on Wordsworth, which I have just read with delight. In the course of the book Professor Harper refers with just praise to Mrs. Sandford's life of Thomas Poole, the devoted friend of Coleridge and Wordsworth, and of many others. In her fascinating pages I made the acquaintance of the Wedgwoods and of Sir Humphrey Davy. There was no help for it. I had to read Dr. John Davy's memoir of his brother, and to look through the more extended and impartial life by Dr. J. A. Paris. The incidents I am about to relate are also mentioned by Richard Hutton in his appreciative notice in the "Dictionary of National Biography." The article in the last edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" is singularly jejune and unsympathetic.

In 1802, Napoleon, then First Consul, established a prize, consisting of a medal of three thousand francs, for the best experiment which should be made in the course of each year, on the Galvanic fluid: "Foreigners of all nations are admitted to the competition." The National Institute decided that it was not necessary for the memoirs to be immediately addressed to it, and declared that it would every year crown the author of the best experiments which should come to its knowledge, and which should have advanced the progress of the science.

The prize was awarded to Davy in 1807 for his discoveries announced in the "Philosophical Transactions" for that year. In Thomas Poole's estimate of Davy which he communicated to the chemist's brother for use in his memoir (a similar communication is in Paris's Life of Sir Humphrey Davy, Vol I, p. 261), he says: "Men of science, wherever situated, he [Davy] considered as fellow-subjects of one great republic, spread over the world. I was in London soon after he received the letter from France announcing that the National Institute had awarded him the prize given by Napoleon to the greatest discovery by the means of Galvanism. He showed me the letter, and said, 'Some people say I ought not to accept this, and there have been foolish paragraphs in the papers to that effect; but if the two countries or governments are at war, the men of science are not—that would indeed be a civil war of the worst sort.'—'Rather,' he added, 'we should,

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through the instrumentality of men of science, soften the asperity of national war.'"

Can we conceive of anything like this happening at the present time? But this is not all of my story. In 1813, Sir Humphrey Davy wished to visit the extinct volcanoes in Auvergne and afterwards to examine that which was in a state of activity at Naples. The Emperor of the French, says Dr. Paris, had sternly refused his passport to several of the most illustrious noblemen of England, but no sooner had the Imperial Institute reported to Napoleon on the probable bearings of the discovery of the alkalies and earths upon the philosophy of volcanic action than the Emperor immediately and unconditionally gave the required safe-conduct. Sir Humphrey with his wife and Mr. Faraday proceeded to Paris, where he was treated with the utmost consideration. He was present at the anniversary dinner of the Philomatic Society, which was attended by thirty-three members. At this dinner various complimentary toasts were proposed; and first, the Royal Society of London, for which Davy, having returned thanks, gave the Imperial Institute. The Linnæan Society of London and the Royal Society of Berlin were given in succession. But, says Dr. Paris, the circumstance which evinced the greatest feeling and delicacy towards their English guest was the company's declining to drink the health of the Emperor. It placed their personal safety even in some jeopardy; and not a little apprehension was afterwards felt as to how far Napoleon might resent such a mark of disrespect, for seven-eighths of the members present were placemen. Sir Humphrey and his party did not meet the Emperor, but were presented to the Empress Josephine at Malmaison.

I cannot, in conclusion, refrain from quoting a few lines from Sir Humphrey's Note-Book, which may be found in the Memoir by his brother (p. 71):

"Shall those arts which have discovered a thousand instruments for inflicting pain or suffering on civilized man never discover any new means of making him happy? Shall the fruit of the tree of knowledge always continue bitter: shall it never be ripened by the radiance of the sun of benevolence? If there be any sufficiently cold-hearted to believe this, let them remain idle. To us hope, which, though it should be vain, is yet an eternal source, will remain; it will ever prompt to actions which, though they should deserve no laurels of triumph from mankind, will never have raised them by watering the earth with blood."

T. F. Crane.

Ithaca, N. Y., July 19.

THE CARNEGIE FOUNDATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The proposed change in the administration of retiring pensions by the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching is certainly radical. We have become somewhat accustomed to minor alterations in what should be a conservative and stable organization, but now literally the very foundation on which we had builded seems to be removed. May I state a few of the objections that occur to a member of one of the colleges now on the list approved by the Foundation? The references are to pages of Bulletin No. 9 of the Foundation.

As proposed, the new scheme requires the teacher to buy both insurance and an annuity (pp. 45, 46, 51). Many of us have already provided ourselves with all the insurance we need, expecting to finish the payments before the retiring age is reached. These policies have been in force so long that they cannot be abandoned without serious loss. Neither can we afford to continue these and reinsure with the Foundation. Yet we must elect one of the alternatives if we desire to purchase the proposed annuity. When the teachers expressed "their desire for insurance at cost" (p. 58), they had in mind no such compulsory combination.

The insurance proposed by the Foundation is term insurance, *i. e.*, insurance up to the age of sixty-five or sixty-eight. Whether the rates offered by the Foundation are favorable or not cannot be determined, for no "old line company," so far as I am able to ascertain, writes this kind of insurance, and it is a cardinal rule that in dealing with life insurance one must never allow an agent to compare a policy in his company with a different policy in another. The only point at which a comparison can be made is the rate offered by the Foundation to men of forty-five and the rate offered by conservative companies for a twenty-year term policy at the same age. Here the Foundation's rate is slightly better, but it is also true that by taking advantage of the "extended insurance" clause, in ordinary life or twenty-payment life policies, some individuals have already obtained insurance at better rates than those proposed by the Foundation.

President Pritchett complains (p. 54) that under the present arrangement the amount of the retiring allowance is often practically deducted from the teacher's salary. The proposed scheme would undoubtedly be a gain in definiteness, for there would be absolutely no doubt that the teacher would be paying for it. The insurance and half of the annuity the teacher would pay. In some cases the institutions would pay the other half of the cost of the annuity; in many cases it could not do so. All colleges paying half the annuity dues would be tempted to do exactly what President Pritchett says is done by those benefited by the Foundation, *i. e.*, pay lower salaries because of the prospective retiring allowance. At the age of forty, it will be necessary to pay $542.53 a year to secure an insurance of $5,000 and an annuity of $2,000 to begin at sixty-five (p. 38). To a man with a salary of $3,000 carrying all this protection an institution may easily say, "We will offer you a salary of $3,500-$3,250 (the exact amount would be $3,262.45) directly, and one-half of your annuity dues." Such an offer, because it can be made with such definiteness of conditions, seems to me much more probable than the present hypothetical dealing in Carnegie pension futures.

President Pritchett further objects (p. xvi) to the present system because it prevents the free passing of teachers from one institution to another. The proposed scheme will not obviate this unless practically all institutions adopt it—a manifest impossibility. The cost to a college of moderate size will be from $6,000 to $10,000 yearly—representing an endowment fund of something like $150,000. How many institutions can afford to add $10,000 to their budget, and what arguments can trustees use to raise a fund to cover the expenses for what it was supposed that Mr. Carnegie's generosity had already provided?

The greatly increased cost to the teacher should be very clearly pointed out. At present, statistics show (p. 36) that a teacher pays 4½ to 5 per cent. of his income for insurance alone. Under the proposed arrangement he must carry insurance and annuity. A modest annuity will cost the teacher in a small college (p. 34) 5.2 per cent. of his salary, if the college pays half, 10.4 per cent. of it if it does not. Term insurance of $5,000, to continue until the age of sixty-five, will cost him (p. 38) about 4 per cent. of his salary. He will then pay for protection from 9.2 to 14.4 of his salary instead of the present average of 4½ to 5 per cent.—*i. e.*, a man with a salary of $2,000, who now pays $100 annually, must pay $184 to $238.

It should be further noted that under the proposed plan the Foundation carries but the slightest part of the burden. It provides for a disability pension—after twenty years (pp. 45, 51); it guarantees a 4½ per cent. basis for insurance, and it shares in paying the overhead expenses of two not large offices. Most of its funds will be released for other purposes.

Many colleges have made radical changes in their management to secure the benefits of the Foundation, whose gospel has been "efficiency." Yet it seems probable that the Foundation's deficits will soon amount to something between a quarter of a million and a million dollars (p. 53), and that they who have preached efficiency unto others will themselves be castaways.

Louis E. Lord.

Oberlin, O., July 22.

DRAMATIC WORKS OF ROBERT MONTGOMERY BIRD.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Those interested in our native drama will be glad to know of the gift that has recently been made through the generosity of Mr. Robert Montgomery Bird, of Bethlehem, Pa., to the library of the University of Pennsylvania. This gift consists of a collection of the manuscript plays, poems, letters, and miscellaneous papers, either written by the dramatist, Robert Montgomery Bird, or pertaining to his work. The manuscripts had been preserved by the son and grandson of the dramatist, and, having never been published, are of unusual interest.

Robert Montgomery Bird, the dramatist, was born on February 5, 1806, in New Castle, Del. He was educated at the Germantown Academy and in the Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania, graduating from the latter, April 6, 1827. While still at the University he was writing plays, and, after producing three plays—two tragedies, "The Cowled Lover" and "Caridorf," and "A City Looking-Glass," a comedy, dealing with life in Philadelphia—he wrote a tragedy entitled "Pelopidas, or the Fall of the Polemarchs," which was accepted by Edwin Forrest in 1830. It was, however, not played by him, and has never been produced, although William E. Burton afterwards made very flattering offers to Dr. Bird, looking towards its production. It is a tragedy founded upon the revolt of Thebes against the tyranny of Sparta.

"The Gladiator," which was based on the revolt of Spartacus against the tyranny of Rome, was next written for Mr. Forrest, and was played for the first time in New York city, September 26, 1831, at the Park Theatre. "The Gladiator" has been produced by Edwin Forrest, John McCullough, Robert Downing, and other actors, probably thousands of times

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since that day. It has never been published, owing to the determined opposition on the part of Mr. Forrest.

Dr. Bird's tragedy founded on the Spanish conquest of Peru, and known as "Oralloosa," was produced for the first time at the Arch Street Theatre, in Philadelphia, October 10, 1832. While this was a success, it was not so popular as "The Gladiator" or as "The Broker of Bogota," which was first played at the Bowery Theatre in New York, February 30, 1834. This formed part of Forrest's répertoire for many years. Dr. Bird wrote, also, several popular novels, of which the most important was "Nick of the Woods," an Indian story of Kentucky, written in 1837.

Dr. Bird's papers number twenty-six manuscripts, including the complete and fragmentary copies of twelve plays. There are three complete copies of "The Gladiator," two autograph, with some textual differences; two complete copies, one autograph, of "The Broker of Bogota," and two complete autograph copies of "Oralloosa." "Pelopidas" exists in three complete autograph copies. There are also complete autograph copies of "Caridorf," "The Cowled Lover," "The City Looking-Glass," "News of the Night," and "'Twas All for the Best," the two latter being comedies never acted. There are also over one hundred separate pieces of manuscript verse and a number of manuscript novels.

The collection of autograph letters from and to Dr. Bird forms part of the treasure. Among them are letters from William Gilmore Simms, Nathaniel Parker Willis, William Liggett, Edwin Forrest, Bulwer Lytton, Harriet Martineau, Charles Fenno Hoffman, John Clayton, John Frost, Hiram Powers, Martin Van Buren, and Henry Clay.

Dr. Bird has never received his proper position in the history of the American drama, owing largely to the fact that these plays have never been published. His son, the Rev. Frederick Mayer Bird, widely known as an authority on hymnology, desired to publish his father's plays, but was prevented from doing so through the fact that Mr. Edwin Forrest held the copyrights, and refused to allow the publication. The papers are now, however, being collated by Mr. Clement Foust in connection with his work on Dr. Bird as a thesis for the doctorate at the University of Pennsylvania, and it is hoped that critical editions of "The Gladiator," "Pelopidas," "The Broker of Bogota," and "Oralloosa" will be published as a result of his work. Students of the drama will then have an opportunity to read what are undoubtedly among the most significant plays written in this country.

ARTHUR HOBSON QUINN.

University of Pennsylvania, June 10.

"WUMBLING."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have been surprised not to see some answer to the query of J. M. H. in your issue of June 22 concerning the word "wumble," as used in a dramatic criticism in the London *Athenæum*. Lovers of Algernon Blackwood do not need to be told that the word occurs frequently throughout his book, "A Prisoner in Fairyland," from which, of course, the play "The Starlight Express" must have been adapted. Whether wumble is used there in print for the first time I do not know, but it would seem so from the fact that when the word is first used in the book (pp. 95-97) it is questioned, and to some extent explained.

"And 'wumbled,'" Jinny asked solemnly. . . . What is wumbled, really? There is no such thing, is there?" And again, "'But there *is* no such word really,' she urged. 'It rhymes, that's all.'"

I cannot myself see that "sympathy and unselfishness" (*Athenæum*) can prevent one's being wumbled. To me the word seems to have pretty closely the meaning of "bemuddled"—the author uses "bemused" (p. 50) in leading up to it—if that word could be deprived of its derogatory implication, and made to apply alike to sensibilities and to mental processes.

F. A.

Buffalo, N. Y., July 12.

Literature

M. JUSSERAND ON AMERICA.

With Americans of Past and Present Days. By J. J. Jusserand, Ambassador of France to the United States. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

How many Americans, from the hasty glimpses at the history of this country given in school books, have acquired more than a shadowy conception of the part played by the French allies in our War of the Revolution? The assumption seems general that they were moved as much by a traditional hostility to England as by enthusiasm for American liberty. M. Jusserand not only discredits that view, but represents their attitude as quite the reverse. The French of that time, he tells us, were obsessed rather with Anglomania than with Anglophobia: they admired, and so far as practicable imitated, English manners, philosophy, sports, attire, parliamentary institutions; their chief aspiration was to be as free a people as the English, and the assistance which they offered the American cause was due to their positive passion for liberty and justice as the greatest things to be attained in this world.

How many of us, even those who know the story of Rochambeau the general, are aware that he was educated for the priesthood, and relinquished it just on the verge of taking his vows, because the death of his elder brother left him the head of his family, and by immemorial custom its representative in the armed service of France? Or that, thanks to his freedom to marry, he took to himself a wife who was "a constant cause of happiness" to him for the nearly sixty years of their life together? Or that his unexpected summons to the King's presence, to receive his instructions as to taking an army to America, came to him in the middle of a March night, when he was fifty-five and ill, and the post-horses were in waiting to convey him from his Paris home to the quiet of his country estate? These, and many other unfamiliar personal details which take the man out of the books and bring him before us in the flesh, illuminate the paper on "Rochambeau in America" in M. Jusserand's book.

It was no small task to which Rochambeau was called so suddenly. He would be obliged to reach the New World with a large body of troops packed in slow transports, in an era when two months was a fair allowance for a voyage across the Atlantic; to avoid the English fleets; and to fight for an uncertain period in a country practically unknown, by the side of men not less so. There is a quaint flavor about the preparations noted in his memoranda to "take with us a quantity of flints" and "much flour and biscuit," so as "not to have to ask from the Americans, who are themselves in want," and prudently to divide his commissary resources among his several vessels, "so that in case of mishap to any ship the whole supply of any kind of provisions be not totally lost." He took with him "a portable printing-press, handy for proclamations," but to save space left behind his two favorite battle-horses, as an example to other officers to make like sacrifices, since ten men could be stowed away in the room a single horse would occupy.

To prove their sincerity of motive in coming to America, the French troops were placed under the orders of Gen. Washington, to whom were rendered the honors of a Marshal of France; wherever an American and a French officer were together, the command was given to the American; and the French troops added "black to their cockades, black being the color of the United States." On our part, there was evidently, at the outset, a less cordial spirit towards the French. According to Abbé Rodin, the Americans considered the French "as groaning under the yoke of despotism, a prey to superstition and prejudices, almost idolatrous in their religion, and as a kind of light, brittle, queer-shapen mechanisms, only busy frizzling their hair and painting their faces, without faith or morals." Even so well-read and intelligent a man as William Channing, father of the philanthropist, expressed in a private letter his delighted surprise at discovering that the French were a fine body of soldiers. "Neither officers nor men," he was at pains to say, "are the effeminate beings we were heretofore taught to believe them. They are as large and likely men as can be produced by any nation."

The patriot outlook began moving pretty rapidly from bad to worse. Arnold turned traitor, Gates suffered a severe defeat, De Kalb was killed, and the unpaid, underfed, ragged soldiers of the Pennsylvania line, having been kept in the field long beyond their terms of enlistment, mutinied. In defiance of such an array of woes, our military authorities were putting out everywhere big posters, decorated with pictures of fine-looking soldiers in elegant uniforms, and inviting "all brave, healthy, able-bodied, and well-disposed young men" to join the army, and receive not only a generous bounty and regular pay in gold and silver coin, but "good and handsome clothing" and "a large and ample ration of provisions." And the ambitious young recruit was assured of "spending a few happy years in

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viewing the different parts of this beautiful continent, in the honorable and truly respectable character of a soldier, after which he may, if he pleases, return home to his friends with his pockets full of money and his head covered with laurels." The invitation ended with the prayer: "God save the United States!"—a most appropriate appeal for a country which could put its official seal upon such a bit of optimistic literature!

How many of us know that the credit of selecting the site for the final blow to be dealt Cornwallis was not to Washington, or to Rochambeau, or to any military man, but belonged to the French diplomat, La Luzerne, who wrote Rochambeau—asking to have his letter shown to Washington:

> It is in the Chesapeake Bay that it seems urgent to convey all the naval forces of the King, with such land forces as the generals will consider appropriate. . . . If the English follow us and can reach the Bay only after us, their situation will prove very different from ours. All the coasts and the inland parts of the country are full of their enemies. They have neither the means nor the time to raise, as at New York, the necessary works to protect themselves against the inroads of the American troops and to save themselves from the danger to which the arrival of superior forces would expose them.

This was squarely opposed to the idea favored by Washington, of making a grand attack upon New York, where Clinton had settled down to stay. La Luzerne, however, was courteous but persistent till his view prevailed, probably owing to the fact that largely through his instrumentality a fresh French fleet, under the splendid fighter, Count de Grasse, had been released for a brief season from its station in the West Indies, to come over and take part in the American war. De Grasse, it may be said in passing, was the single one of his group of leaders to whom no memorial has yet been dedicated, though his contribution to the American cause is above estimating. When it comes, it can afford to be a statue of heroic size, for his sailors used to say of him: "Our Admiral is six feet tall on ordinary days, and six feet six on battle days."

As the newcomer was bound to be back in the Caribbean before very long, preparations were pushed rapidly from the day of his arrival. It was no secret that a big movement of some sort was impending, but neither troops nor public guessed its direction; and meanwhile, as good fortune would have it, all the correspondence and memoranda from American headquarters which the British captured indicated that Washington had fixed his eye upon New York, so the enemy was well deceived. Cornwallis, who had been operating in the South, fell into the trap laid for him, and the result is history.

Some of the sidelights thrown by M. Jusserand on this stage of the conflict are particularly interesting for their inferential bearing on sundry modern methods of warfare. Towards the English, the French maintained throughout the campaign a chivalrous and kindly feeling, which seemed to be reciprocated so far as circumstances would permit. In the intervals between engagements, the English would send the French the latest news from Europe, by trumpeting or passing newspapers across the lines; and after the surrender at Yorktown Rochambeau entertained Cornwallis as a guest, and, learning that the defeated general was short of funds, placed at his disposal all the money he desired. Capt. Cook, the English explorer, was on his third voyage when the French went to war with the British; but, as his expedition had no worse object than the promotion of human knowledge, orders were issued to the French navy to abstain from any unfriendly act towards him or his ship, and to treat both with all respect. In contrast with this fine spirit towards their worthy foemen, was the contempt felt by the French for the Hessian mercenaries, who would desert their own colors to enlist under the enemy's, and then re-desert with equal lack of compunction.

The sketch of Rochambeau is only the first of seven papers in M. Jusserand's book. Of the next two—"L'Enfant and the Federal City" and "Washington and the French"—more of the materials drawn upon are already of general knowledge, though the share L'Enfant bore in planning other cities than Washington, and in building private dwellings and public halls in various places, is not so widely remembered. We observe that our author omits any mention of the design of the Union College campus, at Schenectady, N. Y., which is commonly attributed to the hand of the French engineer. The last four papers in the volume furnish the justification of the "Present Days" feature of its title, being reprints, with some explanatory text, of addresses delivered in this country by the Ambassador on various public occasions; and he too modestly attributes their success, not to the delicate charm of his style, but to the quick wit, kind disposition, and warm hearts of his American audiences. The book as a whole will prove a most effective monument to the refreshed relations of mutual sympathy between the French people and ours. Its one fault worthy of mention is the absence of an index to enable the reader to find again promptly the passages which have given him special pleasure in their first perusal.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Proof of the Pudding. By Meredith Nicholson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Mr. Nicholson has two literary habitats —No-Man's Land and Hoosierdom. He prefers the latter, wishes to be its serious interpreter, but is more at ease in the former, and makes us more at ease there. Always in his stories of Indiana life—that is to say, of American life with the special accent and color which he knows best—we feel a sincere attempt at realism in the better sense. But always that attempt is mocked at by the tricksy spirit of romance that stands at the writer's elbow and more or less imposes its will upon him. There are persons and scenes in the present story of which one says, "I know these people," or "I've seen things just like that." But of the work as a whole one does not irresistibly say, "This is a true thing." It has been hatched out of the author's observation with the aid of his fancy, instead of springing, as of itself, from his imagination. The plot is a matter of skilful contrivance, something quite irrelevant to action in the larger meaning of the word. And realism cannot be effected by contrivance. That is a proper engine of romance; but when a romantic writer like Mr. Nicholson becomes ingenious with his tools in the act of attempting to interpret, we find ourselves sooner or later saying a little wryly, "Why, this is melodrama." Put the present plot in bald form: Nan Corrigan, of something like poor white stock, has been adopted by a prosperous Indiana merchant named Farley. She means well, but has her "yellow" inheritance. A rascally brother is accused of murder, and Nan is blackmailed into paying for his defence. She drinks too much, and lies to her adopted father with little scruple. Nevertheless, she has (says Mr. Nicholson) great charm, and attracts three men in particular. Copeland is a young American business man of the second generation: divorces his blameless wife to marry Nan, who is kept from eloping with him by chance. Copeland drinks and gambles, and disports himself among the new, fast people who, with their Broadway standards, have invaded our Hoosier community. Copeland finally gets himself into hopeless difficulties, and tries to burn down his plant for the insurance—is prevented by chance. Eaton, the second of Nan's admirers, is an elegant, man-of-the-worldly person, and becomes her unofficial guardian. It is, however, the third, Jerry Amidon, a man of her own class though infinitely her superior in character, whom she marries. Jerry is a very admirable characterization—for his sake we are ready to put up with the air of unreality which hangs about the story as a whole.

Come Out of the Kitchen. By Alice Duer Miller. New York: The Century Co.

Again the moneyed Northerner invades the Old Dominion, and again the fair scion of an impecunious first family finds him easy prey. But between this familiar starting-point and this inevitable conclusion runs the merry course of a little comedy that would coax up the corners of a cynic's mouth. Oddly enough, its mirth-provoking quality is essentially that of true stage comedy. The mystification under which the temporary lord of the Revelly mansion labors in dealing with his self-appointed corps of household servants is never seriously shared by the reader, this functionary having been tacitly taken into the author's confidence from the start. And it is just this transparency of the situation for the observer that makes so wholly delectable the

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domestic dilemmas in which a very exceptional butler, housemaid, "boots," and cook—and in particular and most especially the cook, the diminutive cook who "might have stepped from a Mid-Victorian keepsake" and whose cooking "was famous in three counties"—managed to involve their unsuspecting—and enviable—employer.

Hollyhock House. By Marion Ames Taggart. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The family of girls that grew up in Hollyhock House ought to please even the most unswerving devotees of "Little Women." In the course of the story they adopt a dog and a boy and reclaim a long-lost mother. The task of domesticating an exotic song bird like Lynette Garden might well tax the resources of even the most motherly of American daughters. In fact, this errant but adorable "madrina" is the real heroine and her awakening to maternal duty is the tale's triumphant climax. The whimsical conception is carried out plausibly enough and with a good deal of pretty invention.

The Dark Forest. By Hugh Walpole. New York: G. H. Doran Co.

Out of the mass of personal reports and human and inhuman documents which the war has thus far produced in the name of literature, this story of Mr. Walpole emerges as an authentic work of the imagination. The writer has had his first-hand experience, in the Red Cross service, at the front. The chief persons in the narrative belong to a division of the Russian Red Cross. But this is not a thinly disguised account of personal observations strung together on a thread of fiction. Rather it is the work of an artist dealing with fresh materials. There are two Englishmen in the Red Cross "Octroi" concerned. One of them tells the story; the other is, in a way, the central figure. He is not a typical Briton; indeed, he has gone to Russia partly in the hope of finding there a sympathy which has been denied him in matter-of-fact England. He has always been a brooder and a dreamer; sensitive and vaguely aspirant, but inarticulate and clumsy in his human relations. At Petrograd, before his detachment leaves for the front, he falls in love with and apparently wins a Russian girl, a nurse of the Octroi, Marie Ivanovna, who is hungry for life, and discerns or fancies something in Trenchard which is necessary to her. Once at the front, however, his inefficiency and blundering ways make him a sort of butt, and the reaction upon the girl is inevitable. The chief surgeon of the party, Semyonov, a splendid figure of strength and ruthless efficiency, is particularly hard on poor Trenchard—as well as soft on Marie; and is not long in separating them and appropriating the girl for himself. So, at least, it appears. But Trenchard and Marie have given and taken something from each other that not even Semyonov can interfere with. In the end, the story resolves itself into something resembling a struggle for Marie's real self on the part of these two men. Her sudden death by the hand of war does not affect this struggle; for both men believe that the first to follow her will make sure his claim as against the other. It is Trenchard who wins, and it is Semyonov, full of vitality and of useful force as ever, who remains behind, a spiritually crippled being: "He appeared to me as a man who, with all his self-control, was compelling himself to meet the onset of an immeasurable devastating loss."

Such is the romantic story which has been Mr. Walpole's first object. He has permitted nothing to interfere with its telling. On the other hand, it would have been a very different affair with another setting and atmosphere. These elementary human dramas, the novelist seems to assure us, do go on in the perilous breach itself: in the presence of death, men live their eager lives, cling to their hopes and their aspirations, their intimate ties and interests. Human action persists in the thick of military action, of slaughter, of imminent snuffing out for all concerned. The particular time of our little drama is the first Russian campaign against the Austrians, with its glories and its disastrous end. But there is no record of a campaign here; only the tale of these men and women has the sound and breath and odor of the brutal thing called war—the background and the atmosphere of so many millions of lives as they are being lived throughout on all "fronts" to-day.

LIGHT ON FRANCE.

Inter Arma. Being Essays Written in Time of War. By Edmund Gosse. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

These seven articles reprinted from the *Edinburgh Review* may be regarded as the protest of an English intellectual against the mistake of allowing the war to paralyze our brains. Though laws be stricken dumb in the armed conflict, men of letters should not hold their peace. The war is the one all-absorbing subject of thought, the nation's energies are strained to the utmost in the conduct of it; but thought must march with action, and the leaders of thought must not decline their high office merely because the world is in flames. Therefore, Mr. Gosse has done well to inform his public on certain aspects of French history and literature. On such themes he speaks with the voice of authority, and is sure of a sympathetic hearing on this side of the Atlantic, particularly at the present time.

The first of these essays was written in the dark days of 1914, when the end of all things seemed at hand, before the vast Teutonic menace to civilization had taken definite outline and had been reduced to recognizable metes and bounds. It is a review of the closest parallel which history provides, the situation in France during the war of 1870. The comparison was hardly cheering; for in that dire catastrophe, French literary activity came to a dead stop. There was undoubted danger of a similar paralysis falling upon the minds of English writers; but this fear proved to be groundless, as Mr. Gosse is glad to acknowledge in a postscript written some months later.

Two years ago it was a commonplace to speak of a new France, of France born again by the terror of war. In his second essay, Mr. Gosse labors to prove that this astonishing unity of France was no sudden impulse, but vital, deep-seated, long in growing, and that in spite of the perpetual struggles between Church and Freemasons, Republicans and Royalists, Capital and Labor, the Republic was and is one and indivisible. Here he is possibly not quite so convincing as elsewhere; and the grounds of this undoubted unity are not clearly made out.

There has never been an excess of beautiful things in the world; and the art of creating them is largely lost. The age of cathedrals is succeeded by the age of skyscrapers: and Germany erects huge wooden images of her victorious generals for the patriot to drive nails into. Nor can the store of beautiful things bequeathed by the past bear diminution. Once a thing of beauty is destroyed, it is lost for ever; and one more well of joy is dried up. Such is the burden of Mr. Gosse's third essay, "The Desecration of French Monuments." It sets in its true light the bombardment of Rheims. That "as a work of art the outraged cathedral is dead" is heavy news for all who love beauty and the past. Other churches, other towns have been ruined or injured, and Mr. Gosse appraises the loss in detail. In some cases the destruction of precious monuments is traceable to no possible military necessity, but to sheer malice and the desire to lacerate the spirit of France. Such was the systematic destruction of the main street of Senlis. In other cases, it is a relief to learn that the damage is not so great as was imagined.

In his essay on English poetry treating the Napoleonic wars Mr. Gosse traverses oft-trodden ground. It cannot be said that his criticism will greatly increase the admiration generally felt for Wordsworth's burning patriotic sonnets, Byron's rolling Spenserians on Waterloo, or Campbell's "d——d drum-and-trumpet lines." Here he has made no discoveries. Of much greater value is the pendant on war poetry in France. English readers will find in it, for the first time, a sympathetic account of Déroulède, the faulty but unquenchable Tyrtæus of the *révanche*. He passed away just before the war began. His mantle fell upon the shoulders of the improvisatore Botrel, whose war-song, "C'est la Gloire," caught the fancy of all France in August, 1914. In consequence, he holds the strangest roving commission ever issued. He was appointed poet-laureate to the armies of France, and was formally authorized to visit all the depots, camps, and hospitals and sing and recite his patriotic songs. It takes the mind back to the days when the clan-poet went to battle at the side of his chief.

New ground is broken in the essay on Barbier, the poet of the July revolution of 1830. As the author of "Iambes," he leapt

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into fame. For some five years he "lived in a blaze of glory"; but his inspiration soon failed him, and he died completely forgotten at Nice in 1882. Mr. Gosse has unearthed "Lazare," his powerful and elaborate satire upon the British social system. Barbier visited England in 1837 for this express purpose. Going prepared to dislike everything he saw, like Smelfungus, he travelled from Dan to Beersheba and pronounced it all barren. Bitter as his satire is, no student of the times can call it unjustified. English poets, historians, and reformers are in agreement with the French revolutionary as to the social wrongs and abuses which flourished in the early nineteenth century, the terrible aftermath of twenty years of war.

Mr. Gosse's final essay on the neutrality of Sweden is most informing. The reasons for Sweden's friendly attitude towards Germany at the beginning of the war were grounded on fear of Russia, on Germany's carefully cultivated friendship with her northern neighbor, and on England's comparative neglect of her. The military caste was eager for a German alliance; but the common-sense of most was against it. Swedish journals were flooded with German accounts of the war to the exclusion of all others. But the rape of Belgium opened their eyes to German policy; and the sinking of Swedish vessels by German mines cooled their affection towards their would-be protector. Sweden will not throw herself into the arms of Germany, for all her fear of Russia.

Enlightening and urbane, these essays are certain to please all who admire heroic France and are fain to understand her. The index might be criticised as scanty; and the reference to a Leyden jar (p. 31) needs revision by a chemist.

AN EXAMPLE FROM SWITZERLAND.

The Swiss Civil Code. Translated by Robert P. Shick. Annotated by Charles Wetherill. Boston Book Co.

This is the first publication in the series of translations of modern civil codes which the Comparative Law Bureau of the American Bar Association has undertaken. No happier beginning could have been made in a field of work much neglected in this country, though assuredly of vast utility. Of all the foreign civil codes, the Swiss is perhaps the one which it is most important to bring to American attention.

The translation is preceded by a preface by W. W. Smithers, founder and former secretary of the Comparative Law Bureau, and by a valuable historical introduction and bibliography. Mr. Shick's original translation and the annotations were revised by the eminent author of the Code, Prof. Eugene Huber, of the University of Berne, by Prof. Alfred Siegwart, holding the chair of Swiss law at the University of Freiburg, and by Gordon E. Sherman, professor of comparative law at Yale. This careful revision, coupled with Messrs. Shick and Wetherill's own special qualifications for the initial task, gives an assurance of accuracy rarely to be met with in translations. Of all translating into English, legal work is probably the most difficult. Absolute accuracy is a fundamental requirement, yet so widely does the civil law system differ from the common-law system that equivalent terms are rarely to be met with. The use of Roman law terminology is prohibited by the American lack of any knowledge or training in the Roman law; such terms would be unintelligible to nearly all readers and would themselves require translation. On the other hand, the use of common-law terms of near-equivalence would forthwith sacrifice all hope of accuracy and would usually be misleading by reason of important differences in connotation. These difficulties the present translators have succeeded in overcoming; their text never fails to be intelligible, and of clear and usually simple English.

Apart from being a crystallization of advanced jurisprudence, the code has a peculiar interest for Americans. We have often looked to Switzerland as an example in meeting the problems of democracy. From her, we can also get light on how to meet the problems peculiar to a federal form of government. Though a small country, the cantons have preserved their autonomy to as great an extent as our own States. Prior to the enactment of the Code, the legal situation, arising from the harassing divergences of laws throughout the land and the resulting conflicts, was very much like ours to-day. The problem of unification was even tougher than our own: for there existed among the cantons a diversity of language and of customs, of races and religions, according to locality, to which we have no parallel. The French and Italian cantons had in their law mainly followed the Code Napoléon. The German cantons were either still governed by ancient customs and old statutes or were governed by some antiquated legislation, some being modernized and largely influenced by Austrian and German codes and writers. Sectionalism ran rife to the minutest details; Switzerland was a veritable legal mosaic. The Federal Code, which went into force on January 1, 1912, has already had beneficent economical and political effects. National unity has been strengthened. New bonds of common national interests are being created under its harmonizing influence.

We in the United States might well learn the lesson that Switzerland can teach us. If we hope to attain that common nationalism, that true and undiluted Americanism for which all political parties are to-day vociferous, we must do away with the present unwise, irritating, and wasteful diversity on points of fundamental law. The need has long been recognized, and it cannot be gainsaid that the Commissioners on Uniform State Laws have been performing splendid work and obtaining valuable results. But it is painfully slow work. Has not the time arrived to ask: Is there not a better way? Is it not better to adopt the necessary Constitutional amendments and enact harmonizing Federal legislation on fundamental civil and commercial matters? The task is hard—but not so hard as was Switzerland's.

AMERICA'S NORTHWEST.

The Tourist's Northwest. By Ruth Kedzie Wood. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.75 net.

Through Glacier Park. Seeing America First, with Howard Eaton. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 75 cents net.

Blackfeet Tales of Glacier National Park. By James Willard Schultz. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2 net.

Ruth Kedzie Wood's volume on the Northwest presents the same characteristics as her earlier works, noticed in these columns from time to time. It is hard to classify such a book. If you open at random you may perchance learn that "on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday mornings a slow boat leaves at 8:30. Minimum time, Portland to Cascade Locks, 4½ hrs.; to the Dalles, 8 hrs." Baedeker at once comes in mind. But another chance opening brings you to a description of the Siskiyou caverns of Oregon: "Certainly the caves of Yallingup and Jenolan present no forms more daring, more complicated and massive than the crankling, scabrous, glassy, toothed and twilled, graved, moulded, panelled, festooned, and tasselled phantasies which justify any inconvenience or exertion necessary to reach this recessed and channelled eyrie of the Siskiyous." And so the reader is tossed up and down, throughout the volume, from the dull level of the formal guidebook to rhetorical heights suggestive of the mountain peaks of the region with which the author is dealing.

The volume opens, very appropriately, with a half-dozen pages from an address on "the Mental Training of a Traveller," delivered by James Bryce before the Royal Geographical Society and published in the *Geographical Journal* for February, 1915. Lord Bryce emphasizes three points of importance to the person who would really profit by his travel: what to look for, how to observe, and how to reflect upon the things seen. The pity of it is, however, that the more intelligently one prepares one's self for travel in any given region the more keenly is one forced to realize the multitude of things in it which one cannot even hope adequately to observe and understand. The early explorers, the glacial geologist, the great railway builders and developers of one or another of its natural resources have each seen, as the man of ordinary vision never can see, some one side of the great Northwest. No one may aspire to see it all. And yet such a volume as the one before us will make the reader wish to see what he can. We are not sure, however, that the author would not have done better if she had pruned her material down more nearly to the form and dimensions of the ordinary

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guidebook. In the literature of travel and description, the Northwest has certainly had a generous share, but there is room for a systematic and well-digested tourists' guide to the region.

On one feature of this vast region, Glacier National Park, Mary Roberts Rinehart has produced a delightful little volume, full of the vivacity and humor which her name at once suggests to many readers. It is the story of a three-hundred-mile horseback ride through the park in a party of forty-two men and women, conducted by Howard Eaton. Enthusiasm for one's guide in such a trip, if he be strong, intelligent, resourceful, and courteous, is a natural human propensity, and its expression makes pleasant reading, up to a certain point. Mrs. Rinehart should have known, however, that there is a point at which a woman's praise of any one man begins to make the rest of the male sex feel uncomfortably inadequate. She has caught the right spirit of travel in the wild. "To travel is to do, not only to see. To travel best is to be of the sportsmen of the road. To take a chance, and win; to feel the glow of muscles too long unused; to sleep on the ground at night and find it soft; to eat, not because it is time to eat, but because one's body is clamoring for food; to drink where every stream and river is pure and cold; to get close to the earth and see the stars—this is travel." Mrs. Rinehart is somewhat severe in her strictures on Congress for not making more liberal appropriations for road-building in Glacier Park and for the maintenance of a more numerous force of caretakers. Possibly, however, the zest of her trip would have been a little less keen if the road-builder and the inevitable consequences of his building had been more in evidence.

We can hardly agree with the hopeful view of the publishers that in his "Blackfeet Tales of Glacier National Park" James Willard Schultz has produced "probably the best collection of Indian stories ever brought together." The career of the author gives a stamp of genuineness to his work which such stories do not always have. The white man who has chosen to cast in his lot with any of our aboriginal tribes has ordinarily been but a poor specimen of humanity in either his original or his adopted rôle. Mr. Schultz, however, is one of a few old-time men of the frontier who with real character and intelligence abandoned civilized society for a genuine Indian life, marrying an Indian wife and carrying out in good faith, for many years, the obligations of adoption into an Indian tribe. We do not find, however, either in the substance of his stories or in the manner of their telling, anything that marks them as strikingly superior in the class of literature to which they belong. Mr. Schultz and Mrs. Rinehart agree with each other, and incidentally with a great many more, in condemnation of the stupidity which has been shown in giving names to so many of the natural features of the Northwest, and especially in the tendency to discard the entirely appropriate descriptive names already hallowed by long use among the Indians.

Notes

Harper & Brothers announce for publication to-day: "The President of the United States," by Woodrow Wilson, and "Plain Facts about Mexico," by George J. Hagar.

Small, Maynard & Company announce for publication this month "The Girl at Big Loon Post," by George van Schaick; "The Van Haavens," by C. Tilton-Turvey, and an unnamed novel by Arthur Hodges.

The following volumes are included in the autumn list of Henry Holt & Company: Fiction—"Slaves of Freedom," by Coningsby Dawson; "Bodbank," by Richard Washburn Child; "Cecily and the Wide World," by Elizabeth F. Corbette; "The Girl," by Katherine Keith; "The Pleasant Ways of St. Medard," by Grace King; "Our Natupski Neighbors," by E. Mimiter; "Pelle the Conqueror: Victory," by Martin A. Nexö, translated by Jessie Muir, and a popular edition in three volumes of the writings of L. P. Jacks, "Mad Shepherds and Other Human Studies," "From the Human End," and "Philosophers in Trouble." Drama and Poetry—"Haendel," by Romain Rolland, translated and edited by A. Eaglefield Hull; "The Road Together," by George Middleton; "The Workmanship of Shakespeare," by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch; "Minna von Barnhelm," by G. E. Lessing, translated by Otto Heller; "The Forest Princess and Other Masks," by Constance D'Arcy Mackay; "Wild Eart and Other Poems," by Padraic Colum; "Bernard Shaw: The Man and the Mask," by Richard Burton; "Play Production in America," by Arthur Edwin Krows. Miscellaneous—"The French Revolution and Napoleon (1789-1815)," by Charles Downer Hazen; "Some Home-Grown Secrets of Serenity," by Sarah N. Cleghorn; "Making Happiness Epidemic," by William Vernon Backus; "Creative Intelligence," by John Dewey and others; "Standards of Health Insurance," by I. M. Rubinow; "The Philosophy of William James," by T. Flournoy, translated by Edwin B. Holt and William James, jr. This firm also inaugurates a new series, undertaken in coöperation with the American Geographical Society, with "The Andes of Southern Peru," by Isaiah Bowman, and "Europe: From Language to Nationality," by Leon Dominian.

The stories of imagination in Lord Dunsany's compact volume called "The Book of Wonder" (Boston: Luce) are calculated to affect the reader in various ways. The names of persons and places are rather tremendous. Shapperalk the centaur was the son of Jyshak, whose amulet of mountain gold had been hammered by himself and set with opals obtained in bargains with the gnomes. There was a clarion of the centaurs, too, a silver horn, that had done wonders of sound in summoning cities to capitulate. Seventeen cities of Man had heard its imperious call, and "for twenty years it had brayed at star-girt walls in the siege of Tholdenblarna, the citadel of the gods." The names are formidable, and we dare say that few readers will place or trace the citadel just named, or Varpe Niger, the inside of the mountains, or Goom, who was Jyshak's father. As for the centaur Shapperalk, who was 250 years old when he set out from the cavern which was his home and, crossing the little stream that had long restrained his kind, traversed the mundane plain where the autumn wind beat cold upon his naked flanks, it is hardly to be doubted that he was venturous enough. He raised his head and snorted, and he shouted with high pride, "I am a man-horse now!" Truly he was old enough to warrant the boast. At 250 years one may be considered to be adult, whether horse or man. It is to be read that he coursed away over the Athraminaurian Mountains to the city of Zretazoola, the home of Sombelene, a young woman of "inhuman beauty"; that it was a long ride; that he passed from city to city with the speed befitting the sworn companion of the wind; that he had good wind himself, and at night lay down "unpanting" in the reeds of some marsh, or in some forest where it was reasonably dry; that before dawn he rose, drank hugely of rivers, bathed splashingly in the same, and at the last, dashing up the steps of a temple, seized Sombelene by the hair and bore her away over a floorless chasm where the waters of a lake fell unremembered into a hole in the world, giving, as he so bore off his beautiful prey, three blasts upon the pilfered silver horn.

We believe that the reader will be more interested in some of the other tales, where there is less that is somewhat too laborious and strange, and more humor. The jeweller who was a robber and stole the immensely precious stone called the Dead Man's Diamond is more easily to be grasped and appreciated. To learn that the Merchant Prince's daughter in this tale became respectably militant and aggressively dull, and that she had platitudes worked in worsted upon her tea cosey, is to be attached again to comprehensible and familiar things. The young lady is reassuring. Again the three literary men who stole the golden box containing poems of fabulous worth excite our utter interest and return value for the attention that they compel from us. There is plenty in the book that is keenly amusing, as well as now and then a flight that is somewhat laboriously and obscurely altitudinous.

In "Leaves from a Field Notebook" (Macmillan; $1.50 net), J. H. Morgan, a staff officer in the British Army, chooses to recast what he has seen and heard in France in the form of short stories. There are advantages in the method. Amid the mass of field records dished up raw there is novelty in finding the familiar pabulum garnished. The author writes with excellent humor. In fact, a good subtitle for the book would be the humors of heroism. He sets down simply the significant happenings of trench life, how a man loses his nerve and how he regains it. There are vivid scenes from the German invasion, nothing more fetching than the story of a French Mayor who, with the alternative of paying an impossible tribute or having his town destroyed, collected the indemnity in German war scrip.

"With the French in France and Salonica" (Scribner; $1 net), by Richard Harding Davis, is, in a way, that talented author's last will and testament. It was these two trips to the western front, with the excursion to Salonica, a trip the real hardships of which are, though humorously veiled, sufficiently evident, that undermined Davis's robust constitution and brought about his untimely death. The new book has all the engaging qualities of the old ones. It sparkles and jokes along

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with recalls to seriousness all the more effective because quite casual. It is still the manner of Van Bibber and "Soldiers of Fortune." Davis made a grace and an accomplishment of not growing up. To the end he saw with fresh eyes, and this record of two battle fronts, while largely given to the humors and haps of the road, is none the less one of the most vivid pictures that the war has produced. Returned to London and Paris, Davis studied the various war-relief enterprises and the results are given in a chapter on Hints for Those Who Want to Help. It will serve as a capital guide to what Davis, with humorous accuracy, describes as many a good "money's worth." The book is almost prophetically dedicated to Justus Miles Forman, who was also a war victim, on the Lusitania.

The descriptions of the part played by Canada in the Great War by the Dominion's official "Eye Witness," Sir Max Aitken, M.P., have been revised by the author and published in volume form, with a preface by Mr. Bonar Law and an introduction by Sir Robert Borden, under the title "Canada in Flanders" (Doran; 50 cents). Sir Max Aitken's dispatches aroused admiration as they were published for the vigor of their style and their powers of vivid description. In republishing them with careful revision in their present form, the author has produced a book that is not only of vital contemporary interest to all who may have followed with admiration the gallant career of the Canadian contingents in Flanders, but will also prove of considerable service to the future historian whose function it will be to study this important detail of the vast battle-front of the West. For the majority of present readers, preoccupied with the daily news of the war, the purely descriptive passages will doubtless command most interest, but the minority who have time and inclination to retrace the tactical movements of past battles, particularly the momentous struggle at Ypres in April, 1915, will find in these pages an account as clear and authoritative as any that it is possible to obtain at the present time, and the study of the various phases of the battles is greatly facilitated by a plentiful supply of clearly marked sectional charts. The critical will perhaps find Sir Max Aitken's style in places a trifle flamboyant, but that is a tendency which may well find indulgence in view of the circumstances of composition and the author's enthusiasm for his subject. Canada certainly is to be congratulated on her choice of an official "Eye Witness."

A useful series of those popular manuals which, with extension lectures and correspondence courses, are fast making it possible for any one to obtain a somewhat detailed knowledge of specialized subjects, is begun with five titles in The Nation's Library (Warwick and York; 40 cents each). All are solid of content, but some are careless of style. Thus the exposition of "Socialism and Syndicalism," by Philip Snowden, M.P., is superior in its survey of Socialist creeds and the force of its arguments to Ramsay MacDonald's volume in the Home University Library, but marred by such phrases as "the cuteness of business men" and by even such slips of grammar as a singular verb with a plural subject. Joseph McCabe in "The Principles of Evolution" states the conflict on certain issues among living leaders of evolutionary science; Dr. A. C. de la Crommelin writes of "The Star World"; Thistleton Marks, of the University of Manchester, synthetizes American and British theories in "Modern Views of Education"; and "Eugenics," by Edwin Schuster, a collaborator of Francis Galton's, is in some ways a better introduction to the subject than the manuals of Karl Pearson or the Wheethams.

"While writing my more philosophical dissertations," says John Burroughs in "Under the Apple-Trees" (Houghton Mifflin; $1.25 net), "my mind often turns longingly toward the simple outdoor subjects which have engaged me so many years, and doubtless the mind of my reader does also when he is perusing them." Yes, the mind of the reader does; in the direct, accurate, responsive treatment of simple outdoor subjects Mr. Burroughs's distinction clearly lies, rather than in the profound handling of large and abstract themes. In the latter case, he is too often either sketchy, as in "Scientific Faith Once More," or monotonous, as in "The Still Small Voice," in which he repeats, with gusto but without progress, the notion that even the great and violent changes in nature are the culmination of small, slow changes. So many of the essays are given up to such discussions that the title of the book is really misleading. The book deals with various aspects, mainly abstract, of evolutionary science and philosophy, and the central essay is clearly that on "A Prophet of the Soul"—a phrase from the essentially static Emerson here used to adorn the evolutionary M. Bergson. For a long time the essays of John Burroughs have been warming towards Bergsonism, and now at last comes the full rejoicing. Reading Bergson's pages exhilarates him "like a bath in the stream, or a walk on the hills." Bergson has intuitive vision as well as scientific truth; he has "unique and original genius," is a world-opener, yields "spiritual exaltation as do Goethe, Carlyle, Emerson, Whitman." That Mr. Burroughs at this late hour of his long life should still be publishing essay after essay, book after book, is remarkable enough; that he should find a new world to inhabit, the world of Creative Evolution, and should actually abide there as a native citizen, is really astonishing. He is no longer the Burroughs of "Wake-Robin"; he is the Burroughs of "Life the Traveler" (one of the present essays). His own nineteen volumes are not a bad illustration of evolution.

The special purpose of David Paton's "Egyptian Records of Travel in Western Asia: Vol. I, Early Egyptian Records of Travel" (Princeton University Press; $7.50 net) is the presentation of all the documentary material from the Egyptian monuments bearing on the geography of western Asia. The first volume, now in hand, is to be followed by three more, carrying the series through to the end of the Eighteenth Dynasty, that is, about 1350 B. C. A second series proposes to present the material from the end of the Eighteenth Dynasty down to the Greek period. The work exhibits wide acquaintance with the literature, and the bibliography is presented in an almost complete form. The future usefulness of the work will be greatly hampered by the fact that no practical system of reference numbers has been worked out. So, for example, the remarkable story of Sinûhe extends over a series of twenty diagrams, each occupying two large pages, and the only reference number to these forty pages of material is the signature, "Table No. V," on the first diagram. The author probably intends the lines of the original to be used as the best means of reference, but it is to be hoped that in the future volumes of the series a more practical method of reference, making every plate identifiable, will be introduced. With some such practical system as that used by Sethe in his "Urkunden," the future usefulness of this series can be greatly increased. Another improvement would be the omission of the complete transliteration of the documents, to which the author has devoted a great deal of labor. A page full of parentheses containing reference numbers from the printer's lists of hieroglyphs can never be of use to any one, and it is a pity for a young scholar to spend his time in laboriously compiling lists of such numbers, with no visible results. In the translations the author has employed the work of other scholars, and very modestly disclaims responsibility for them. While the hand of a beginner is here and there evident, the work represents a vast amount of labor carefully and conscientiously done in a field in which America, as compared with Europe, has thus far achieved very little. The author's work deserves cordial recognition. With modifications along the lines suggested, the future volumes should prove highly useful.

American economists have been distinguished by the amount of attention they have given to the relation between economic goods and the satisfaction of wants. Mr. G. P. Watkins in his "Welfare as an Economic Quantity" (Houghton Mifflin; $1.50 net) makes the first attempt to bring this material into systematic form. The greater part of the book will, therefore, not prove novel to those readers who are acquainted with the writings of Professors Patten and Veblen. Mr. Watkins has not, however, confined his labors to the arrangement of existing material, but offers on his own account some ingenious and original ideas, particularly with reference to the theory of complementary goods.

"Our Knowledge of Christ (Holt; $1 net) by Lucius Hopkins Miller, is the title given to a brief discussion of the life, teaching, and personality of Christ. To the reader who is in search mainly not of a positive estimate of the significance of Jesus in the light of recent historical research, but of a statement of some of the questions at issue, this little volume will prove to be of service.

Finance

GOLD IMPORTS OF 1916.

No one has yet solved the mystery of the heavy gold imports of 1916. Ten years ago great European bankers talked incessantly about the world's inadequate gold supply. Yet the annual yield was practically 100 per cent. larger than ten years earlier. Though the output had doubled, it was believed that the increase was more than offset by the extension of credit. The new capital created by the enlarged production of gold was rushed into manifold channels; use begot use, and rates of interest had at no time been so low as might have been expected on purely theo-

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retic grounds. The average rate at the Bank of England had risen rather than fallen during the decade, and this was considered good evidence that the consumption of the metal had more than kept pace with the production.

The fears then entertained seemed to be fully justified in 1907. Yet the extension of credit that occasioned so much apprehension ten years ago is not comparable with that witnessed throughout the world to-day. All the great nations are using capital out of all proportion to their use in 1906. The belligerent Powers have doubled and trebled their national debts, and the war has caused private industry to increase its activities phenomenally.

Yet foreign nations have apparently had no difficulty in shipping between $200,000,000 and $300,000,000 of gold to the United States during the first seven months of 1916. Nothing comparable to this was ever before witnessed. From 1906 to the outbreak of the present war the net outcome of the gold movement had been in favor of this country. Yet in no twelve months was our gain more than a fraction of what it has been during the first seven months of 1916. With one exception our net import never ran above $76,000,000. The one exception was 1898, when the balance in our favor was substantially $105,000,000, due chiefly to our phenomenal exports of agricultural products.

This is a profoundly interesting situation. A state of affairs which ten years ago the world would have viewed aghast is now contemplated with apparently less disquietude than was experienced with an outlook far less chaotic than that which has confronted the world since August 1, 1914. This is explainable in part. The events of the last two years have forced every nation to mobilize its resources with an effectiveness never before attempted. The disaster which has befallen the world has made it more self-reliant, more resourceful, and more completely integrated. Yet when this fact is recognized, it is not easy to see how it has secured the means to do what it is doing this year in the matter of gold shipments to this country. The gold supplies of the world have been pretty well tabulated in the past, and a study of the figures in no measure explains our present imports of the metal.

It has been supposed by some that Great Britain, France, and Russia, acting in cooperation, have accumulated a great fund of gold. A study of the European bank statements fails to show an increase sufficient to explain the present imports. On December 29, 1915, the Bank of England reported gold holdings of $256,672,150, whereas its holdings on July 27, 1916, were $281,880,000. On December 30, 1915, the Bank of France held gold to the amount of $1,003,055,000, and on July 27, 1916, reported $959,300,000. The last statement of the Bank of Russia in 1915 showed $803,630,000; the latest available figure in 1916 being $769,945,000. These figures afford no real inkling of the present gold movement.

The British Government is believed to have secreted an enormous amount of gold. The Bank of England is known to have been holding a large stock in Ottawa, and is supposed to have other depositories, possibly in South Africa and Australia. But the statements of the Bank of England reveal no knowledge of such hordes. Nor can we from unofficial statements obtain any clear light on the situation. Where is Great Britain getting all this gold? It is a naïve conjecture that she has practically commandeered the whole output of the British Empire. She may not have done so at all, but that explanation is as reasonable as any yet advanced. During the year 1915 the Transvaal produced about $193,000,000 of gold, and the production during 1916 has been at about the same rate. Add to this the Australian output, which has been running at about $25,000,000 a year, and the Canadian, which has been at about $15,000,000, and we have a sum which, providing there is any rhyme or reason in the conjecture ventured above, would go very far indeed towards explaining the phenomenal movement of gold to the United States in 1916, a movement which, it is predicted, is likely before the close of the present year to be carried to tremendously greater figures.

Be that as it may, the present situation is interesting as confirming the views of those who in the past have held that the world had failed fully to appreciate the consequences of the great increase in the gold production during the last quarter of a century. When, as a result of the war of 1870, France was compelled to pay Germany an indemnity of $1,000,000,000, the event was viewed with astonishment. A billion dollars, however, seems a small sum to-day. If we may believe the figures furnished by the United States Mint, the gold output of the world since 1870 has been between nine and ten billion dollars, or substantially double that of the previous 378 years since the discovery of America. In contemplating this fact we must bear in mind that during a goodly portion of these forty-five years the yield was at low ebb, and that it was not until after 1890 that the great increase began. In 1870 the output was about $129,000,000, and in 1891 it was only $130,000,000, having for four intervening years been well below $100,000,000. These figures easily explain the great industrial and financial boom that followed 1898, and they appear to show that the wealth created by the enlarged credit rendered possible by the astonishing increase in the output of gold has been very much greater than any one had estimated. In other words, the world has been very much richer than it had dreamed.

Europe's ability to part with gold at the present rate is reassuring. A nation, like an individual, may, by bookkeeping methods and by promises to pay, keep up a deception regarding its real condition for a very long time. But there is no mistaking the condition of a man or a nation that can pay out gold whenever called upon. Unless the great European banks are falsifying their statements, a fact which no one will be inclined to believe, the available gold in the world is beyond the previous knowledge of everybody, and the present knowledge of almost everybody. That is comforting, not only as regards Europe's ability to pay her immediate debts, but also as regards her ability to finance herself when the war is over. That is the thing which is in every one's mind to-day. There is no question regarding the present prosperity of this country, but there is a great deal of uncertainty as to what our situation will be when peace is declared.

In this connection one very important fact should be kept in mind. So far the war has not destroyed any appreciable amount of gold. The metal has changed hands in a way never before witnessed, but it is all in existence still, and is likely to be added to year after year at a maximum rate. Consequently, there need be no diminution in the volume of credits outstanding throughout the world. There has been, and may continue to be for a good many months, a great change in the use of the credits based upon the gold supply. The present use is highly abnormal, but this use will be discontinued the moment the war is ended. The enormous unproductive activities forced upon the world in the last two years will cease and the capital engaged in them will return with a rush to productive channels. For a great many years the world will be paying the interest on the debts contracted by the war and liquidating the principal of the debts, but the money so applied will not necessarily be taken from productive channels. The war will be over, the destruction of property will have ceased, the millions of men now withdrawn from industry will once more be at work striving to make two blades grow where one grew before. The money raised from increased taxation during the coming years will still be "money-market money," as Bagehot used to say. The merchant or manufacturer who parts with it to-day to help his Government pay its debts will borrow it to-morrow to help run his business.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Hughes, R. The Thirteenth Commandment. Harpers. $1.40 net.
Potter, M. K. Ten Beautiful Years. Phila.: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Rinehart, M. R. Tish. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Andrews, R. C. Whale Hunting with Gun and Camera. Appleton. $2.50 net.
Bronson, W. C. American Prose. Univ. of Chicago Press. $1.50 net.
McAndrew, W. The Public and its School. World Book Co.
Machar, J. S. Magdalen. Authorized translation by L. Wiener. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25 net.
Shepard, E. V. Expert Auction. Harper. $1.25 net.
Spens, J. An Essay on Shakespeare's Relation to Tradition. Oxford: Blackwell.

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Vaughan, E. C. The Political Writings of Rousseau. 2 vols. Putnam. $18.50.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Henke, F. G. The Philosophy of Wang Yang-Ming. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co.
Smyth, J. K. Christian Certainties of Belief. The New-Church Press.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Brown, H. G. Principles of Commerce. Macmillan. $1.75 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Cable, B. Doing their Bit. Dutton. $1 net.
Child, R. W. Potential Russia. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Curtis, L. The Problem of the Commonwealth. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Fortescue, G. Fore-Armed. Phila.: Winston. $1 net.

POETRY.

Sanger, W. C., jr. The City of Toil and Dreams. Country Life Press.

SCIENCE.

Annals of the Astronomical Observatory of Harvard College. Vol. LXXIII—Part III.—Blue Hill Meteorological Observatory. Vol. LXXVI—Miscellaneous Researches. Cambridge: Harvard College Observatory.

TEXTBOOKS.

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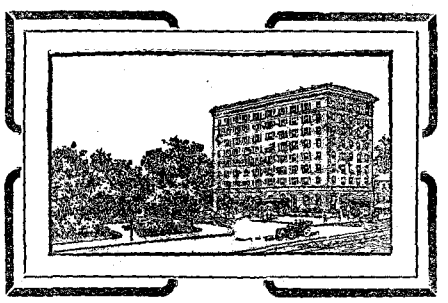

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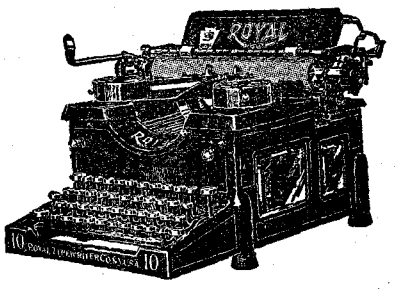

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